LOOKING FORWARD

To SUPPORT a political organization through thick and thin, granted a man thoroughly believe in it, is an admirable thing. For the governmental system of this country is such that organized parties are a necessity. In fact, any appreciable approach here to the continental bloc system, with its diversified opinion and small groups of representatives combining here and separating there, would paralyze our method of governing ourselves. Hence the wisdom of the average voter in sinking some of his personal opinions in order to express the rest.

ONE of the corollaries of such a proposition, nevertheless, is the necessity for a thorough and fairly unbiased examination and criticism of political problems and parties by outside agencies, so that the average citizen who is not a party man may have an opportunity to digest all the facts and exercise an intelligent choice at election. Most people grant that this is one of the most important functions of the press and are glad that it is performed as well as it is in this country.

EVERY now and then, however, a faithful reader of this journal writes in to protest because we do not support this party or that, but instead criticize, examine, and either applaud or deplore according to our judgment. Recently, naturally, a majority of these protests have been because we are not more in favor of Republican policies as carried out by Congress and President Hoover. This is inevitable, since that party is in power and carries major responsibility for what is being done or left undone. The Republican Party and the President are under examination.

WHEN such an examination is under way our responsibility is not to any party or leader but first to our readers and to our conscience. Our main job is not merely to report the news. It is to tell the truth as we see it. We are not primarily concerned with the continued success or failure of any one political party. We are concerned with our obligation to our readers.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 6, 1930

Prohibition; Born of War

Some Facts on the Eighteenth Amendment

By HENRY ALAN JOHNSTON

Advocates of strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, as well as those who oppose repeal, often insist that it is "the expressed will of the people." Mr. Johnston, having studied the evidence, denies this. On the contrary, prohibition was born of world hysteria; at a time when mass thinking ruled the United States and the world. At the height of this emotionalism, during a period of less than thirteen months, the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed by Congress and ratified by three-fourths of the states

BY CAREFUL planting and solicitous nursing the myth that the Eighteenth Amendment is the expressed will of the people embodied in their Constitution deliberately and with a full appreciation of its import has assumed the semblance of an accepted historical fact. Chief Justice White in his concurring opinion in the case of Rhode Island vs. Palmer said: "It cannot possibly be that Congress and the States entered into the great and important business of amending the Constitution in a matter so vitally concerning all the people solely in order to render governmental action impossible." President Coolidge in his budget message to Congress in 1926 declared: "Whatever is necessary to put into effect *the expressed will of the people* as written into the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States and the will of the Congress as expressed in the Volstead Act will be done."

Waiving the obvious question as to whether the Amendment is the will of the people today, a review of the events leading up to its proposal, the abnormal state of the public mind, and the recognized extra-constitutional status of the Government at the time of its adoption will cast grave doubt upon its having been the will of the people even then, for there is reason to believe that both the people and their governmental agencies were far from such a normal state as would permit of a calm and deliberate consideration of the purport and possible consequences of this or any other similar form of amendment at that time. The public mind was in a state of severe nervous excitement; politically the nation was taking orders from the Commander-in-Chief; constitutionally the normal relationships between the Government and the people were practically reversed. Let us review the facts.

IN THE early days of August, 1914, Europe went mad. This is not a figure of speech, but is a fact attested by practically every writer in France, England, or Germany who has seriously dealt with the War of 1914-1918. The dementia was not a gradual growth as the War progressed, but was a seizure which afflicted the populations immediately upon the posting of the first orders of mobilization. The descriptions of those early scenes denote that men in the aggregate went mad, threw off their sense of normal behavior, their memory and their judgment became blurred on the most obvious facts regarding their common enemy, their preconceived notions of the values of life were turned topsy-turvy, and hatred dethroned reason in their inflamed brain. C. E. Playne, in *The Neuroses of the Nations,* speaking of these phenomena, says:—

"It has been stated even, that when a nation is at war, no one belonging to it is quite normal, that varying degrees of insanity generally prevail. Abnormal excitement is necessarily rife. Dictates of prudence must necessarily be thrown to the winds. The combination of daring fate, and loosening the bonds of human responsibility, the upset of the habitual course of life, the unhampered emergence of primitive, instinctive passions; all these changes with their accompanying emotions heighten the stress. They intensify nervous excitement and finally produce a state of mass-mind which may be called madness, but which is rather a state of neurasthenical obsession. The moods and temperament manifested by well-nigh the whole of the civilized society of the world during the period of the great European War were characteristic of individual insanities."

Quotation after quotation could be given from Gustave Le Bon, L. T. Hobhouse, Sir Martin Conway, McDougall, and other students of psychological sociology and mass psychology to the same general conclusion; that the group minds of the belligerents during the late War were subject to various stages of derangement designated by them as mass-hysteria, crowd-folly, mob-madness, group neurosis, etc.

It is not only from the psychologist that we obtain this diagnosis. Almost every writer on the Great War, no matter how he is treating the subject, will somewhere in his narrative mention this phenomenon as though it were a fact of ordinary observation. Ambassador

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Gerard, for example, refers to it often in his memoirs. Ambassador Page has numerous references to the mental state in England in his letters written during the War. "The world is suffering from shell shock," the Prime Minister told him.

Speaking of the first days of the War in Germany, Ambassador Gerard says: "A curious rumor spread all over Germany to the effect that automobiles loaded with French gold were being rushed across the country to Russia. Peasants and gamekeepers and others turned out on the roads with guns, and traveling by automobile became exceedingly dangerous. It was some time before this excitement was allayed, and many notices were published in the newspapers before this mania was driven from the popular brain." Later on, he relates the peculiar obsessions of the German mind in glorifying the passion of Hate. "Every one is familiar," says he, "with Lissauer's *Hymn of Hate*. It is not extraordinary that one man in a country at war should produce a composition of this kind; but it is extraordinary, as showing the state of mind of the whole country, that the Emperor should have given him the high order of the Red Eagle of the Second Class as a reward for having composed this extraordinary document."

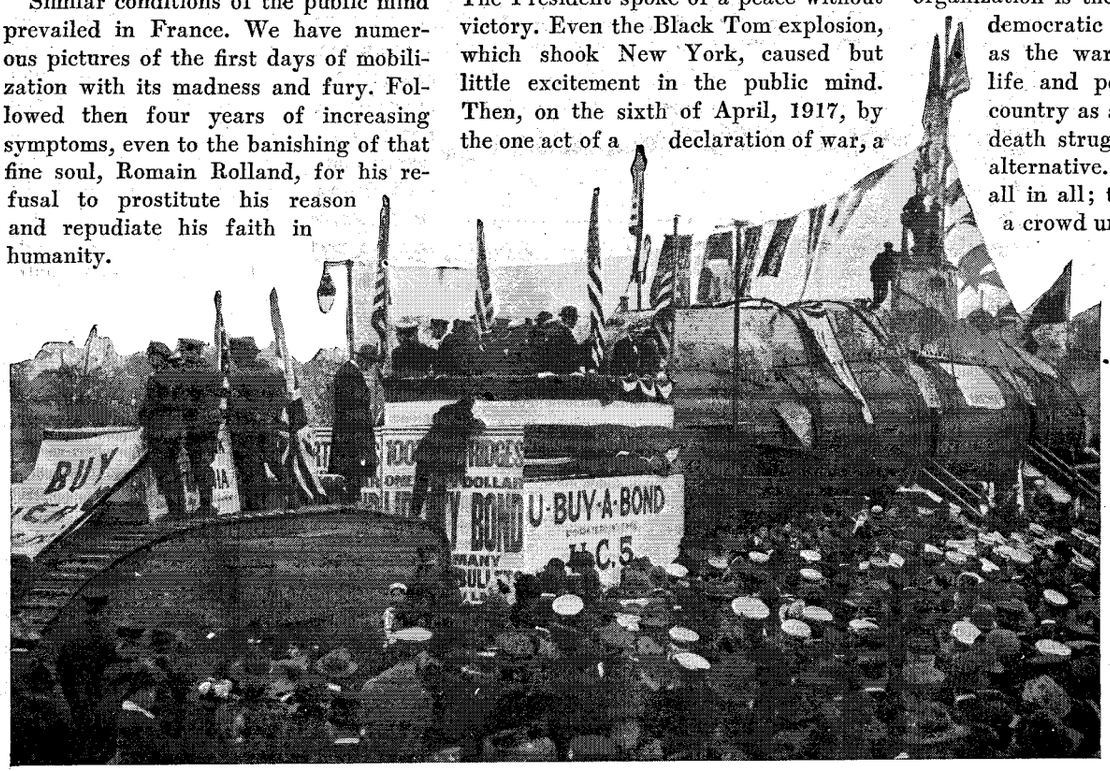
Similar conditions of the public mind prevailed in France. We have numerous pictures of the first days of mobilization with its madness and fury. Followed then four years of increasing symptoms, even to the banishing of that fine soul, Romain Rolland, for his refusal to prostitute his reason and repudiate his faith in humanity.

From England, Page writes: "These things are the abnormal effects of the strain of the War. You cannot imagine the depressing monotony of this. Every American who comes here straight from home remarks after a week or less, 'I didn't know it was this way. It seemed very different in the United States.'" Mr. Page describes a dinner party at which "apropos of nothing in particular every man at the table began to weep. So in addition to being infinitely sad, the whole world is going lying mad and credulously stupid. Now people can't recover from this abnormal state overnight. These little incidents hint big of the demoralization of the mind and of the character of men."

"IT SEEMED very different in the United States," the Americans would say. That letter of Page's was written in July, 1916. It was indeed very different here. We still viewed the War objectively. Men went about their business, women attended their social functions, the stock market was exciting, war-babies were soaring, the Russian Revolution was but a part of the day's news; some professed not to know what all the fighting was about; officials and others discussed the legal right of England to search American ships, or the right of Germany to sink neutral ships. The President spoke of a peace without victory. Even the Black Tom explosion, which shook New York, caused but little excitement in the public mind. Then, on the sixth of April, 1917, by the one act of a declaration of war, a change came over the entire nation—the change from a people at peace to a people at war.

There were no wild scenes in America in April, 1917, such as were witnessed in Europe in August, 1914. The lack of a system of compulsory military service precluded a general mobilization and the excitement incident thereto; but within a month the symptoms of the war disease were quite apparent. Hatred had become a virtue. The utter horror and futility of fifteen million men blasting their enemies with high explosives hurled miles through the air to disembowel and scatter to fragments brothers whom they had never seen, now lost their normal characterization and appeared in a glorified aspect.

In a country of the size and varied interests of the United States, situated three thousand miles from the active scene of the conflict, it was natural that the change from the peace attitude of mind to that of war dementia should be somewhat more deliberate than was the case in Europe. There had to be more beating of the tom-toms. Says Sir Martin Conway in *The Crowd in Peace and War*, in speaking of the mobilization of sentiment necessary for the prosecution of war by a democratic country such as England or the United States, "The first step to be taken for national war organization is the suspension of every democratic principle for so long as the war lasts. Every man's life and powers belong to the country as a whole. In a life and death struggle there is no other alternative. The crowd must be all in all; the individual merely a crowd unit. The crowd can be concentrated into an organic unit only by some passion of collective emotion shared by all the units, possessing the individuals so completely that they willingly lose their individuality in the collective whole, and offer themselves for service without limitation." Such a collective passion in the late War, it will be recalled, was kindled and kept alive by ceaseless organizing work by the government and



Underwood

WHEN HATRED WAS A VIRTUE
Christening a captured U-boat at a Liberty Loan demonstration in Central Park

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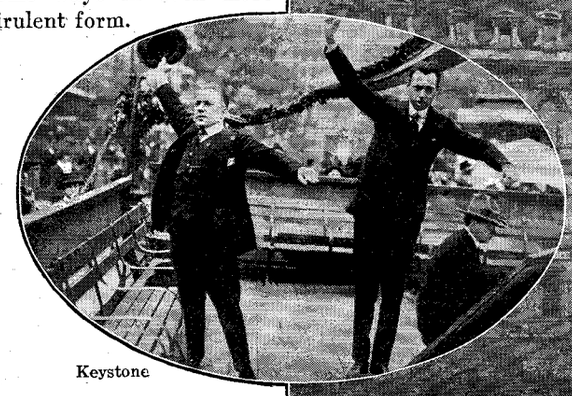
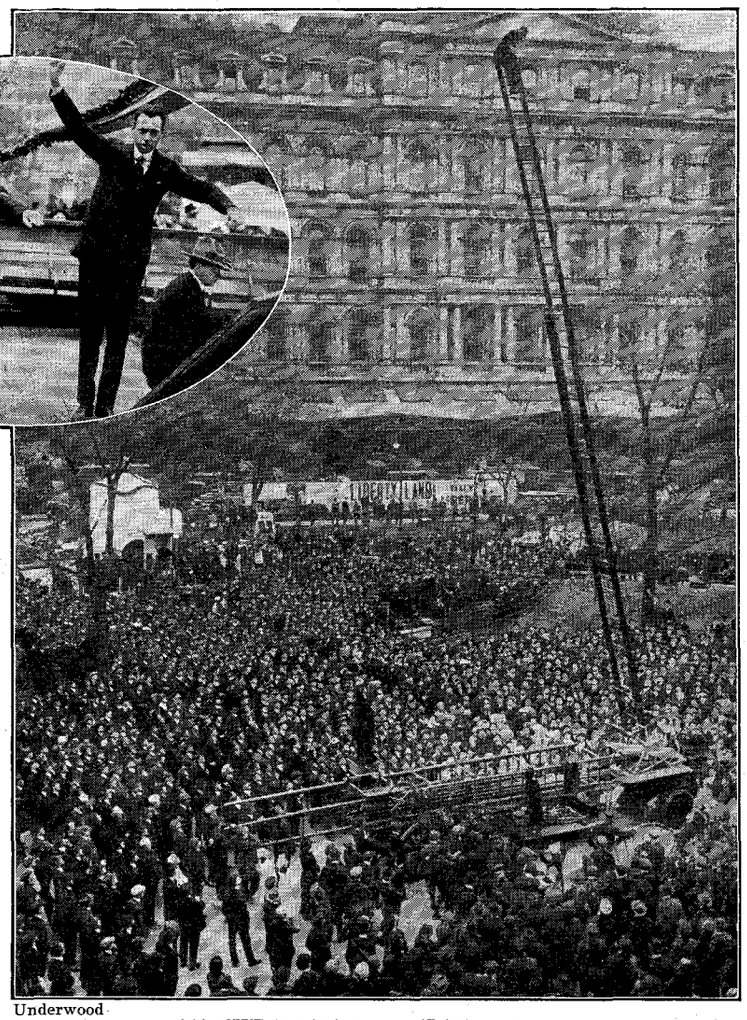
by planned publicity, both of which went under the general term of propaganda. Atrocities were advertised to help recruiting. Hate was manufactured.

By December, 1917, the war fever had gained full possession of the country. The dementia was at its height and the same symptoms which have heretofore been noted in Germany, France and England were present, some ways in even more virulent form.



Keystone



Underwood

AT THE PEAK OF THE WAR FEVER

Sailor climbing a rung for every bond purchased at a New York Liberty Loan rally; above, community song leaders at a similar meeting

Propaganda was not only absorbed without questioning, it was fed on and craved as a stimulant. In the abnormal state of exaltation which had seized the country there was displayed an all-round lack of balance among the entire civilian population. Acts of pure folly were committed. Ill-considered and futile demonstrations were the order of the day. Rumors of the most impossible nature were recited by men who, in their saner moments, would have recognized them as sheer fantasies; they were related with all the assurance of actual first-hand knowledge. Spies were into everything. Guns were installed to protect cities against bombing planes which were to be transported to our shores in German submarines. Shipyards were busy building wooden ships, fitted with engines powerful enough to shake their timbers apart in actual operation. Mothers destroyed their children's playthings which bore the legend "Made in Germany." The hated language was barred from many of the schools, and the music of a German composer would have caused a riot at the opera. Few were exempt from this contagion; not to be a victim of the mania was to be suspected by the others of some mental unbalance or of unpatriotic motives. Men's vision and memory were blurred by the excitement of the world cataclysm. The mass-mind was out of focus.

THERE were some indeed, who were sane and who lifted their voices above the tumult. One of these was the late William Howard Taft, who, from his quiet philosophic surroundings as Kent Professor of Law at Yale University, uttered these words of calm wisdom and prophecy.

"The theory that the National Government can enforce any law will yield to the stubborn circumstances, and a federal law will become as much a subject of contempt and ridicule in some parts of the nation as laws of this kind have been in some states. We are acting now under the heroic impulse of a war, which stirs our feelings and makes us think that we can have a millennium of virtue and self-sacrifice for the future. This is a fundamental error. I profoundly deprecate having our constitutional structure seriously amended by a feverish enthusiasm, which will abate to neglect and laxity in many states as the years go on."

Such warnings, however, were lost in the clamor and enthusiasm of the moment. This was a war to end all war. The world was to be reborn, a millennium was to be the reward of the great human sacrifice. It was not in the reckoning that the high purposes and idealism of those years would have their reaction. Mankind was getting off to a fresh start.

During the height of this emotional stress the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed by Congress and ratified by three-fourths of the states, all within a period of less than thirteen months. Thus was the solemn and deliberate will of the people expressed.

But in addition to this general unbalance and exhilaration of the mass-mind there were decided political changes which occurred during the War period which necessarily cast serious doubt upon the deliberateness of the consideration of this amendment, viz:—the enforced political solidarity of the country in the face of a foreign enemy, subordinating all party politics in the common emergency; and the virtual suspension of every constitutional limitation for the duration of the War.

No matter how bitter the political animosities of opposing parties may be, patriotism, judgment, and good taste decree that when war has become a fact, criticism and partisanship are submerged in the common cause, and politically the country opposes a solid front to the enemy. The leadership of the president becomes unhampered by local party differences and his recommendations to the legislative branch are carried with the minimum of debate. "Politics ends at the water's edge."

A review of the so-called emergency

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legislation enacted by Congress during the war furnishes ample evidence of the complete co-operation and subordination of Congress to the executive branch of the Government during that period; and it was while this attitude of unquestioning acquiescence in every measure which might contribute to the winning of the War was in its most pliable state that the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed by Congress.

In addition, however, to this general feeling of political solidarity caused by the common emergency, there is a change of much greater importance and one of a fundamental character affecting the status of the government itself which takes place by express constitutional operation while the nation is at war.

This change is occasioned by the broad and general powers granted to Congress to declare and prosecute war for the common defense. Peace is the normal status of the country as contemplated in the Constitution; but by Section 8, of Article I, it is provided that Congress shall have power to declare war, to raise and support armies, to maintain a navy, to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces, to provide for calling forth the militia and organizing, arming and disciplining the same, *"and to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."*

The obvious purpose of these powers is to provide that in the event of war the Federal Government shall be supreme, for, as the life of the people and the Constitution itself are then in danger, the protection of the Government during the emergency and the defeat of the common enemy make every other consideration subordinate; and the powers then lodged in Congress can in the nature of things be limited only by the necessities of the emergency. This is not a new theory, but was thoroughly debated in the Convention and discussed by Hamilton and Madison in the Federalist Papers. It was acted upon by Lincoln during the Civil War, and by President Wilson and by Congress in the past War.

Hamilton said, speaking of the war powers:

> These powers ought to exist without limitation; because it is impossible to foresee or define the extent and variety of national exigencies.
>
> Whether there ought to be a Federal Government intrusted with the care of the common defense, is a question in the first instance open for discussion; but the moment it is decided in the affirmative, it will follow, that that Government ought to be clothed with all the powers requisite to complete execution of its trust.

Madison also held the same theory regarding this indefinite and all embracing power. He said:

> With what color of propriety could the force necessary for defense be limited by those who can not limit the force of offense? If a federal Constitution could chain the ambition or set bounds to the exertions of all other nations, then indeed might it prudently chain the discretion of its own government, and set bounds to the exertions for its own safety.

During the Civil War President Lincoln held the same views and so expressed them:

> It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that Government—that Nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation and yet preserve the Constitution? I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the Nation.

Senator Knox in the late War as early as May 14, 1917, reiterated this thought. When the subject of censorship of the press was before Congress he said:

> When the fathers said in the Constitution that Congress should have the right to declare war, and that it alone should have that power, they did not undertake to define what war is, or what constitutes war. They dealt with a status that was well known; and when the Constitution conferred upon Congress the right to declare war, it by necessary implication conferred upon Congress the right to do anything that in its judgment was necessary to carry that war to a successful conclusion. The war powers of the Constitution, in my opinion, are dormant until a status of war is declared by Congress; and then they may be exercised without limitation or qualification to the extent that the safety of the Nation demands. My position is that the Congress of the United States, after a war has been declared, may pass any law which it believes is necessary for the preservation of the Nation.

Under this implied power to do anything which in the opinion of Congress might be necessary or advisable for the prosecution of the war, despite ordinary constitutional limitations which are controlling in time of peace, it will be recalled that Congress authorized the President "during the continuance of the War in which the United States is now engaged" to do practically anything which in his judgment might be advisable. He was, in effect, for the time being, a dictator of almost unlimited powers throughout the United States without any regard whatever to state lines or state sovereignty.

ACTING under these war powers, it will be recalled, the Federal Government not only drafted the man power of the nation for active military service, but took over the operation of the railroad systems of the country, assumed control over shipping, mining and manufacturing, regulated food distribution, exercised the right of commandeering materials and supplies of

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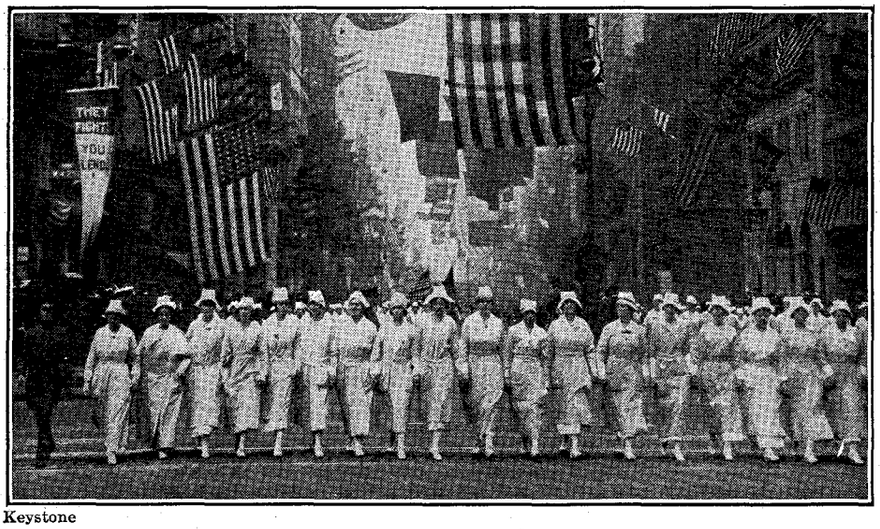

Keystone

The women workers mobilized

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▶▶ Laureate of the Obvious ◀◀

Portrait of Edgar A. Guest

By JOHN BAKELESS

And, Mr. Sneering Critic, you certainly cannot disturb my peace of mind with your gibes and taunts unless you have my co-operation.

—From the prose writings of
EDGAR A. GUEST.

THIS article really ought to be entitled *Profits from Poems, Reaching Results with Rhymes, Living on Lyrical Literature,* or something like that, for Edgar A. Guest, the sweet singer of Detroit, inventor of the mass-production lyric, is the first man in the long and lively history of English literature who has succeeded in Putting Over Poetry in a really big way.

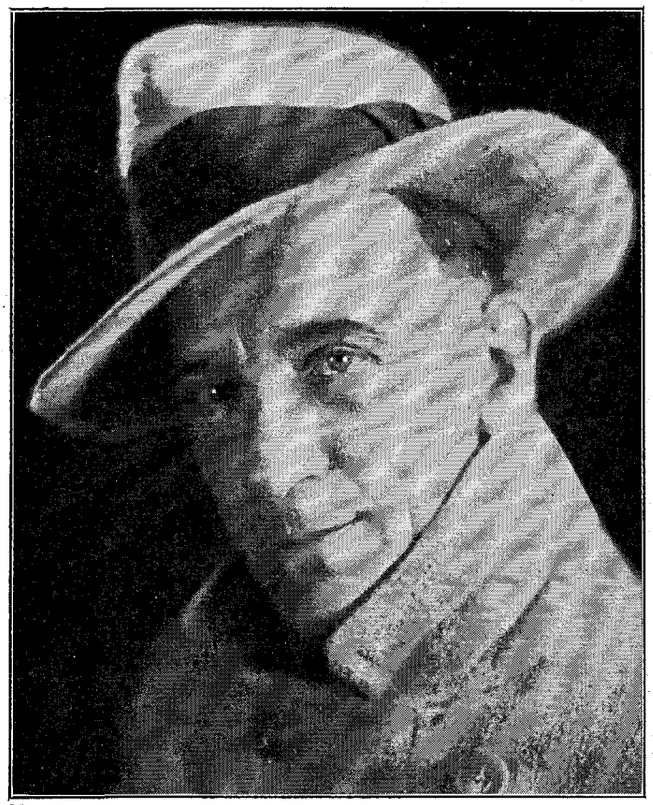
Not for nothing does Mr. Guest live in Detroit. It is even rumored that the Guestian lyrics are built on a moving belt which carries them from the Scansion and Structure Department to the Rhyme Production Department, thence to the Sunshine Department for the insertion of the "just folks" and "everyday" qualities—and finally to the Religious Department, where faith, hope and charity are mortised in, a little toning up is done with sunsets, and the whole product is inspected to make sure it is perfectly moral. After that the new lyric can be run out of the factory on its own wheels and is ready for shipment, f.o.b. Detroit, terms net cash.

Only two modern poets make a living out of poetry. The other one is Alfred Noyes, who also resembles Mr. Guest in being of English birth. Otherwise they are very different. Mr. Guest came to our shores at an early age, went straight west to Detroit, and grew up with the country and Henry Ford. Alfred Noyes came later in life, lingered in the academic shades of the effete East, returned to the tyrannous monarchy of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas—and now look at him!

In the ecstatic language of Messrs. Reilly and Lee, who seem to admire the Guestian works with that glad, free sincerity which is so characteristic of publishers when they are speaking of the genius that they nurture and pay royalties:

Mr. Guest speaks to everyday people on everyday themes in everyday language in the columns of more than two hundred American newspapers, morning or evening. His Books of Verse [don't blame me for the capitals] are read in a million American homes. His voice is heard from the speaker's platform, over the radio or on the phonograph every day in the year.

Indeed, one indignant lover of poetry (not the Guestian variety) once protested in the columns of Miss Harriet Monroe's little magazine of verse, that the only way to escape him was to smash the radio. Escape, alas, is not so easy. One would also have to stop the morning paper, censor the sermon before going to church, and sedulously avoid Rotarian luncheons and Chamber of Commerce banquets. You cannot say that about Alfred Noyes—indeed, you cannot say it about far greater poets. But you can say it about Edgar A. Guest, the unlaureled laureate of the illiterate, the beloved, the admired, the applauded, the highly paid, and the generally agreed with—in short, Mr. Edgar A. Guest, of 17471 Hamilton Drive, Detroit.



Keystone

EDGAR A. GUEST
He has made poetry pay

THE story of Edgar A. Guest is the story of a poor boy who felt the call to Service, the urge to Higher Things. He said to himself:

Brave youth must rise! Each Age demands
Clear brains, strong hearts and willing hands.
There is no limit placed on fame;
'Tis something any boy can claim.
Hold fast! Work hard, be strong, be true—
The future keeps a place for you! . . .

Poor boys with glory shall be crowned,
And men shall pass their stories round.
This great success which thrills you through
Tomorrow may belong to you.

It was even so. Within a few years he had taken the Kingdom of Rotararia by storm.

Edgar A. Guest was born on August 20, 1881, the son of Edwin and Julia Wayne Guest. His parents brought him to the land that he was subsequently to celebrate in song, at the age of nine. They settled in Detroit, and within six months knew everybody on the block—not exactly an English way of doing things.

In fact, it leads one to suspect that perhaps the emphasis on the personal element in much of Guest's later work may be just the result of English reserve trying hard to be American—and overdoing it.

He was educated in the grammar schools and high school of Detroit. He never went to college—like Shakespeare. His learning, rather, was in the busy marts of men, at the communing

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places of the active, directing brains, the stamping ground of strong, silent men, the meeting place folks, plain, everyday people—in short he was the soda-jerker at Doty's drugstore, Sibley and Clifford Streets, Detroit. But not for long. And so—

He risked for much, and risking, knew
What failure meant.
His all into the game he threw,
And as it went,
He stood prepared to pay the cost
And not to whimper when he lost.

But the harsher trials were spared him. He soon had the job of office boy in the business department of the Detroit *Free Press;* again like Shakespeare, you see, who, legend avers, once held horses outside the theatre. The budding bard can't hold horses in Detroit. The next best thing is to be office boy in the busy marts of trade. It leads to poetic heights just the same.

It is recorded that Edgar A. Guest was an earnest office boy. He said to himself:

Two ways there are for youth to go, and
one is gay with song;
The other calls for earnest men and
rugged hearts and strong.
Bewitching sirens lure the feet
Of those who sigh for pleasures sweet,
But when the purse is empty, boy, in
scorn they pass you by;
'Tis time enough to dance and sing
When you have done some useful thing,
And youth must strike for goals afar
which old men dare not try.

Young Edgar struck for goals afar, and within two years he had advanced upstairs to be office boy in the editorial department.

It is not known that he washed the windows or that he swept the floor or that he polished up the handle on the big front door. It is not even known whether the big front door of the Detroit *Free Press,* at that early date, had a handle that required polishing. But young Edgar A. Guest did the next best thing. He said to himself:

For the many, more's the pity,
Seem to like to drift along.
But the steeps that call for courage
And the task that's hard to do,
In the end result in glory
For the never-wavering few.

In practically no time he was exchange editor of the Detroit *Free Press!*

Mr. R. Marshall, author of *A Little Book About the Poet of the Plain People,* has hymned the event in poetic prose: "Across the desk of the exchange editor sweeps the flood of the world's opinion, the sum total of the world's woe, the tinkling brooks of the world's joys. To him come the banker and the burglar, the women of high and low degree. To him come the poet and the plunderer, musicians and murderers, jokesmiths and junkers, prophets and perjurers. It is he who sees history in the making—to him is shown the panorama of the world's fight in the midst of the fighting."

Mr. Guest became a naturalized American citizen in 1902, he married a Detroit girl in 1906, his son was born in 1912, and his daughter in 1922. Such was the genesis of America's most famous home, whose inmost privacies have since been publicized in thousands of newspaper and magazine columns. *The New Baby in Our Home* was written and published about the time the new baby was a year old. Mr. Guest has even told in a magazine article, just *What I Shall Teach Bud and Janet about Marriage.* He has explained for a woman's magazine why *My Youngsters Don't Worry Me,* besides providing detailed descriptions of the Guest backyard and the Guest neighbors, all mentioned by name.

Before long, Mr. Guest became police reporter for the *Free Press.* His official biographer has written another exquisite prose romance about what the inside of a Detroit police station was really like in those days, a place where the reporter "plays dominoes with the night chief when they're both doing 'the dog watch' in the small hours of the morning." Apparently a nice place for mother to do her knitting.

Then came the transformation. Out of the earnest office boy, the exchange editor afire with the lust for Service, and out of the pure-minded police reporter, emerged the gifted columnist and poet. Eddie Guest took charge of a daily column, which was appropriately named "Chaff." But the wind did not blow it away. Ever since there has been something or other of Eddie Guest's on the editorial page of the *Free Press;* though the "Chaff," following excellent precedent, has long since been made into breakfast food and is now called "Edgar A. Guest's Breakfast Table Chat."

But, long ere this, had dawned the light of a new day. By 1910, Edgar A. Guest had written 3,650 poems. Most versifiers become impatient for the dignity of cloth bindings long before that, but they have not the Guestian spirit of Service to sustain them. When at length even he aspired to book publication, his brother Harry set the type for *Home Rhymes* in the attic. An edition of 800 was printed. A single copy of this home-made first edition would be a notable addition to any collection of Americana, but copies are almost undiscoverable today.

One volume, however, is no Aristotelian catharsis for a man who can write more than three thousand poems before thirty. Within two years there were more than 730 new poems, and another volume had to be printed, appropriately titled *Just Glad Things.* Passed another two years and there was born another book, *Breakfast Table Chat.* It, too, was about to be privately printed when the Rotary Club of Detroit decided that the poetry of Edgar A. Guest was simply swell, besides being literary and high class and bursting with the spirit of Service. They published the new book for him, in an edition of 3,500 copies.

His first commercial publication was *A Heap o' Livin',* named from one of his most famous poems, *It Takes a Heap o' Livin' t'Make a House a Home.* This book was published in 1916. Its far from subtle rhythms and even less subtle thought made an instantaneous hit. Service, home, mother, and the little ones, dogs, lilies, and the ol' swimmin' hole, embalmed in iron-clad iambics were precisely what the great throbbing heart of the plain folksy people yearned for. In ten years they bought a quarter of a million copies. In the meantime, the mills of Guest ground on, and they ground exceeding thin. The result was eight more books of verse—a total of nine in a decade, all of which sold and sold and sold. A first edition of 50,000 copies for a Guest book of verses is now regarded as ridiculously conservative. A good many of these are given away as gift books, for which purpose they are brought out in seven different bindings, four with an "art box."

When the World War came, Mr. Guest sprang to the defense of the Detroit front with *Over Here,* since republished as *Poems of Patriotism.* He swallowed, and helped others to swallow, a vast dose of war-time propaganda:

Old women pierced by bayonets grim
And babies slaughtered for a whim,
Cathedrals made the sport of shells,
No mercy, even for a child,
As though the imps of all the hells
Were crazed with drink and running
wild.

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A kind of versified Bryce report.

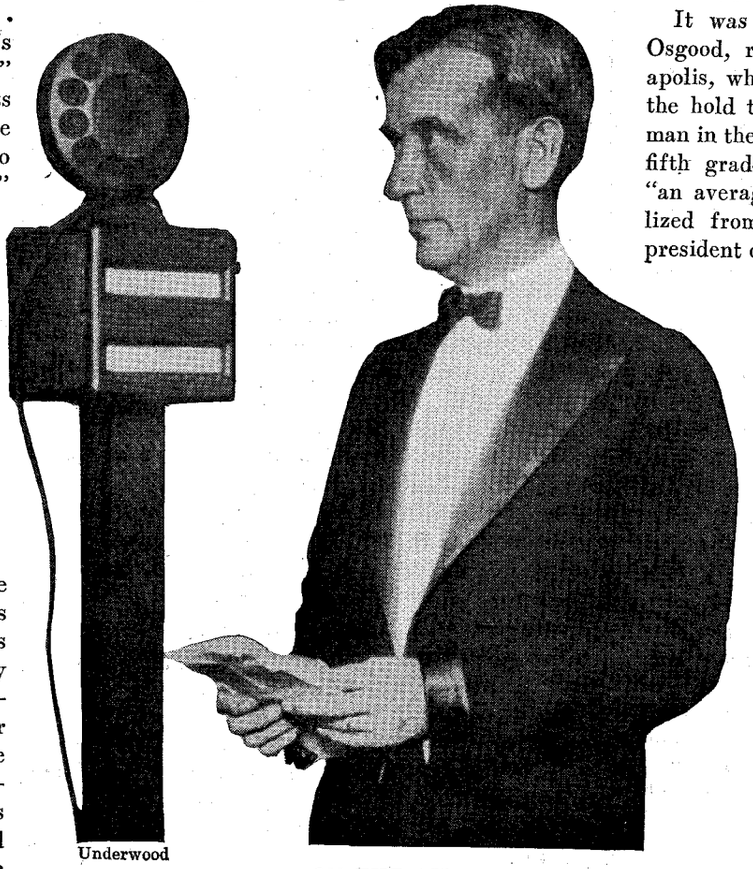
The book was full of the clichés of battle poetry, as the earlier books had been full of clichés about home and mother. It is curious to reflect that those years which tried the souls of all the world—which called forth the best work of Housman, Brooke, Seeger, Kilmer, and Sassoon—meant to the bard of Detroit merely lines about "blood-stained tyrants," "worn warriors," "mountain peaks . . . freedom shrieks," "battling for the right . . . cruel might," "lead of shame . . . cannons flame," "war's alarms . . . call to arms."

The book reached its depth of unreality in the sage asseveration that "no soldier will complain." The man who wrote that doesn't know soldiers. From Caesar's legionaries to Napoleon's "Grognards," and on down to the last scuffle in North Africa, every good soldier has at all times in all armies "groused" to high heaven in all moods and tenses, with expletives thrown in.

The chorus of praise which Mr. Guest's mass of versified platitudes has elicited—particularly from the clergy—is beyond belief. It is rather the fashion to compare Guest with Burns, neglecting the fact that Burns wrote as graceful and delicately varied lyric verse as has ever been written in English, while the prosody of Edgar A. Guest is a wooden succession of monotonous iambics.

Yet, "he is the Burns of America," observes that distinguished critic, the Grand Prelate of the Knights Templar of Indiana. Says another clerical enthusiast: "If Robert Burns sang at times with more rhythmic beauty and smoother cadence, there shines through the crystalline character of Edgar A. Guest an unsullied sincerity born of purity of heart such as is pathetically lacking in the poet from Scotia's hills. . . . He sees God everywhere, with an eye which gleams with 'the light of faith.' He sees God in friendship and he sees Him in the trees; he sees Him in the hollyhocks 'swaying in the breeze;' he sees Him in the 'rippling brooks' and in 'blue skies overhead;' he sees Him in the robins and in 'roses white and red.' His faith is founded on the years and all that he has seen; something of God's he's looked upon no matter where he's been."

Which simply means that a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church is so mixed up in a Guestian lyric enthusiasm that he has mistaken the simplest pantheism for orthodox Christianity. Other parsons are quite as ludicrous in their praises of Guest's verse.



Underwood

ON THE AIR

Edgar Guest speaks to everyday people on everyday themes in everyday language

"He is trying with all his heart and soul to be a good picture of Jesus Christ and get us all better acquainted with the Sweet Father," murmurs the rector of an Episcopal Church in Detroit. "Guest's poems are singing a needed challenge 'round the family fireside," declares a shepherd of souls in Indianapolis. Heaven knows what that means.

"Our night with him was one of happiness and uplift," murmurs a Pittsburgh parson, without the ghost of a smile. Guest's, says no less a personage than a Methodist District Superintendent, is "a blessed ministry of laughter, love, and song."

One gasps as one reads the astounding array of bad taste that has been published as *Edgar A. Guest: Some Appreciations of the Man and his Work, by his Friends of the Pulpit.* One wonders how any men who must daily read the austere magnificence of the English Bible can honestly applaud the jingle-jangle of Guest's verse. It is appalling to think that men presumably familiar with the eternal human truths can confuse them with the ephemeral truisms of the Detroit seer.

It was the Rev. Phillips Endecott Osgood, rector of St. Marks, Minneapolis, who once and for all explained the hold that Guest's verse has on the man in the street and his children in the fifth grade. Guest expresses, he said, "an average man's conclusions crystallized from life as it is." Or, as the president of a denominational university puts it: "He does not wear long hair; he dresses after the approved style of civilization [i.e., Detroit, Michigan]; he has none of the picturesque vices of the old-fashioned writing man [a roué, for example, like Tennyson]; and he does not entertain eccentric views about any of the big questions of life."

Mr. Guest's verse is without beauty, distinction, or honest intellectual content. He apparently has no idea of metrical substitutions or the use of the run-over line—what the French prosodists call *enjambement.* As a result, the monotonous humdrum of his verse is enough to madden a trained ear. His only variation is an occasional inversion of word order of the simplest kind, which usually makes the "poem" worse. A few years ago, when he was running a Sunday department called *Edgar A. Guest's Young Verse Writers' Corner*—with his own autographed works as prizes—a nine-year-old in Bay City, Michigan, sent in these simple little lines:

If I were a singer
I would sing a bonny song,
And all those who stopped to listen
Would be happy all day long.

Now that, for a nine-year-old, isn't bad. At least it has freshness and simplicity, and the naïve charm of child-

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▶▶ Justice; California Brand ◀◀

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

FOURTEEN years ago this month, in common with the country's other "world-conscious" centers, the strenuous west coast metropolis of San Francisco was enjoying the "get ready for war" fever. The submarine controversy with Germany was temporarily in abeyance, the Lusitania outrage was only a year old, and near fighting words had been spoken by President Wilson as recently as April. For nearer military excitements, the southwest was undergoing the thrills of "war short of war" in the military mobilization along the Mexican border. At Stanford and Berkeley the gilded youth of the pre-jazz age were roaming their campuses in "Plattsburgh plan" officers' training camp uniforms.

In the local enthusiasm for preparedness there was also more than a grain of national politics. A presidential campaign was opening, and in common with their co-types in other communities, San Francisco's conservative Republican leaders of business and finance reasoned that a lavish display of super-patriotism and the military spirit would tend to check the appeal of the Wilsonian Democrats with their "He kept us out of war" slogan. Preparedness agitation was the fundamentally honest, if politically not too successful, answer of these groups to Bryanism in the State department, the presidential rebukes of General Leonard Wood and President Wilson's "too proud to fight" speech.

In San Francisco, this group had a special local motive for staging a preparedness demonstration memorable in the annals of western ballyhoo. The city had gone through half a dozen years of fierce labor conflict and was still in the thick of it. In the summer which saw American unionism approaching the record height of its powers—within three months the railway brotherhoods were to dictate a virtual settlement of their claims to the administration and Congress by a mere strike threat—the San Francisco captains of industry had determined to break up the closed shop, the strike nuisance and crush the strongly entrenched power of the unions generally. The union leaders, who had seen their rank and file shot down and beaten by United States regulars at the Colorado mines three years before and had since experienced an alarming quota of bloody combats with National Guard troops in various states, were avowedly contemptuous of other preparedness demonstrations. If San Francisco's demonstration, therefore, could only be made large enough and impressive enough, it would help to overawe the labor leaders and "show them where they got off."

Accordingly, the authorities were induced to proclaim July 22, 1916, as Preparedness Day and every organization which could be appealed to on the grounds of patriotism was enlisted for the parade. The college boys and young business men came in swanky uniforms from the officers' training camps. The National Guard—or such of it as was not on duty on the Mexican border—turned out. The Civil and Spanish War veterans, and the hordes of patriotic, benevolent and uniformed-rank societies mobilized. Throughout the city heads of great commercial and industrial establishments issued requests that their employees prove their patriotism by marching—"requests" which were understood and obeyed in the vast majority of cases as commands. Only in the strongly unionized plants and trades were no such orders issued, and only the union labor element held aloof.

A TWO-HOUR-LONG spectacle of thousands, the parade formed at the Embarcadero and on the little streets leading into lower Market Street between noon and two o'clock. Then at six minutes past two, the head of the column, with the governor and the mayor prominently on display, was passing up Market Street. A contingent of Spanish War veterans was swinging into step to pour out into the main line of march from Steuart Street. Suddenly a bomb exploded by a saloon wall on Steuart, a few paces from Market. Ten persons were killed and more than 40 wounded. Five days later the police had arrested Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, labor leaders and organizers, charging them with the Preparedness Day murders.

There has been a Mooney-Billings case in California ever since. But to understand its further developments—as to understand its origins in the Preparedness Day Demonstration — one must understand California politics.

In the bitter labor-capital conflict which dominated the San Francisco situation in 1916 and to a considerable extent aligned the forces in State politics, Tom Mooney was a personage. A moulder by trade, he had grasped during the previous three years virtual leadership of the powerful left wing bloc in the California Federation of Labor. He had done his share of craft organizing and strike-directing in several of California's fiercest labor battles, and had done this with the practical labor politician's due attention to publicity for his own activities. He had been abroad and spoke the vocabulary of European radical labor with the accent of a hard-boiled American who knew when to "get tough" with his capitalists. In the summer of the bomb explosion he was engaged in—his career's most spectacular and dangerous effort—a campaign to organize the employees of the San Francisco street car system, the United Railways.

The United Railways were the head and front of San Francisco's "crush the unions" movement. Their funds, personal and moral support were behind a Chamber of Commerce drive for this purpose, heading up in a Law and Order Committee which, besides waving the popular flags of patriotism and preparedness, paid the best lawyers in San Francisco to defend strike-breakers and strike-breaking detectives when, in the city's constant round of labor troubles, union men happened to get killed. Six years before the United Railways had been under fire and their highest officials accused of distributing a huge graft fund to San Francisco's public officials for franchise favors. But in 1914 United Railways support and money had elected Charles M. Fickert to the crucial office of county district attorney. Fickert's first official act had been to dismiss the graft prosecutions. Since then he had been the legal field general of the United Railways, the Chamber of Commerce and the Law and Order Committee in the "crush the unions" movement. When troublesome labor leaders or smaller fry were to be prosecuted for violence or dynamiting, Fickert was indefatigably on the job.

BECAUSE of his effort to organize the United Railways workers, Mooney in the summer of 1916 was a supreme

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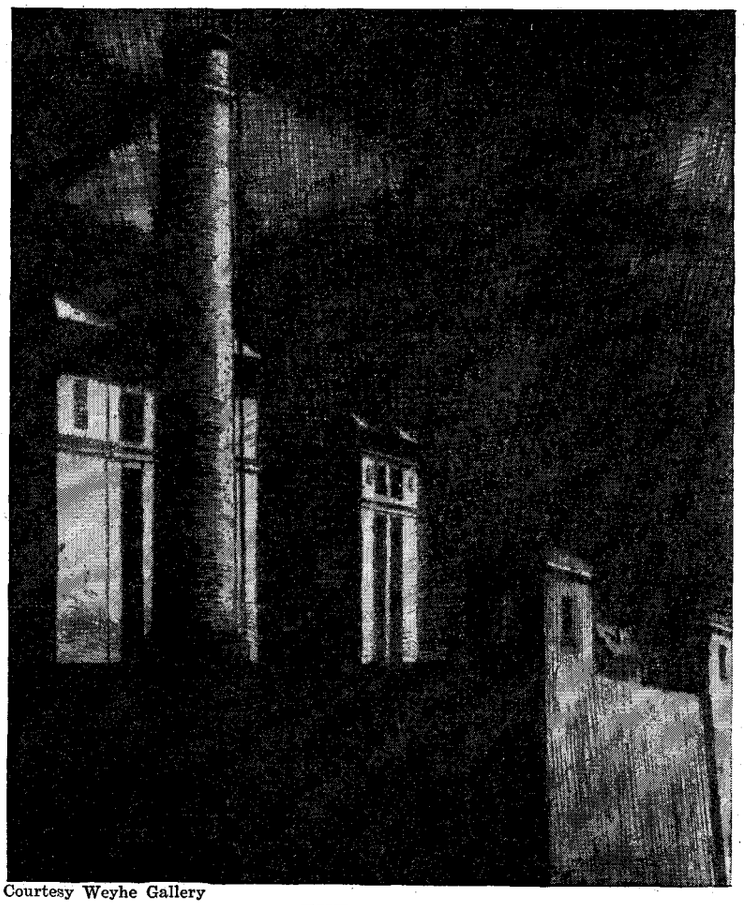
mark for all these forces. Billings was a comparatively inconspicuous youngster of 22—a kind of apprentice in the labor union movement who spent a good deal of his spare time going about on confidential missions for the mature leaders. He was interesting to the authorities and the "union smashing" organizations as a youngster supposed to be in Mooney's confidence. True, he had refused to "squeal" in 1913 when trapped into the penal offense of carrying a suit-case full of dynamite from one strike breaking detective to another. But old grudges for this silence could be paid off if he refused to "squeal" when implicated in the greater crime of Preparedness Day. On the other hand if he consented to "talk" the state's case against Mooney might be made stronger.

Already through Billings the animus of the anti-union group against Mooney had been made clear. On June 11, six weeks before the Preparedness Day explosion, some of the United Railways' high tension towers leading into San Francisco had been bombed. Billings was soon after approached by Martin Swanson, a detective in charge of the United Railways' secret service, with offers of employment and a share in a $5,000 reward if he would give testimony implicating Mooney in the blowing up of the towers. A similar offer was made by Swanson practically at the same time to Israel Weinberg, jitney driver and minor union official who was a personal friend of Mooney's. When Weinberg refused and, instead, gave virtually an alibi account of Mooney's movements on the night of the towers explosion, Swanson left him with the threat—"I will get you yet."

This was Swanson's last contact with the Mooney circle until the Preparedness Day tragedy. But on the night of July 22, seven hours after the explosion at Steuart and Market Streets, District Attorney Fickert, the United Railways' political beneficiary, summoned Swanson, the United Railways' chief detective, to his office, "borrowed" him from his corporation employers, and placed him in charge of the investigation. Five days later Mooney, the United Railways' arch enemy, was arrested, charged with the Preparedness Day murders. Within the same twenty-four hours murder arrests were also made of Billings, the union organizer apprentice, who might or might not "tell all" under the impulse of rope fear; Edward Nolan, a confidential aide of Mooney's in union activities; Mrs. Mooney—and Weinberg.



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

THE PRISON
An etching by Roderick Seidenberg

Billings had the first trial, that fall. John MacDonald, an unemployed waiter, testified that at 1:50 in the afternoon he had seen Billings place a suit-case at the scene of the explosion and consult for a moment with Mooney in a nearby saloon doorway. The two had then parted rapidly, MacDonald said, losing themselves in the crowds. John Crowley, a machinist, testified that he had seen Billings less than a block from the explosion just after it occurred and that he had refused to remove his hat when a parade band played *The Star Spangled Banner*. Estelle Smith, an ex-prostitute but then a dentist's assistant, testified that she had directed Billings, carrying a heavy suit-case, up to the roof of her employer's office at 721 Market Street and that he had warned her it would be dangerous to touch his luggage. Herbert C. Wade, a school principal from Hawaii, testified that he saw Billings going upstairs to the dentist's office with the suit-case. Mrs. Mellie Edeau, a seamstress from Oakland, testified that she saw Billings on the roof of 721 Market Street with the suit-case, talking and signalling with some one on the sidewalk below. Mrs. Edeau and her daughter, Sadie, also testified that Billings came down from the roof, joined Mooney and his wife on the sidewalk, that about fifteen minutes before the head of the parade appeared they moved off down Market Street with the suit-case in the direction of the explosion, while Weinberg cranked his jitney at the curb and followed them, apparently intending to pick them up. Substantially on this testimony Billings was convicted. As a young offender, he was let off with life imprisonment.

By the time the Mooney trial occurred in January, the state's case was slightly more difficult. Enlarged photographs, taken during the parade on the Eilers building at 915 Market Street, where Mrs. Mooney had a studio for her piano pupils, had been developed and definitely proved by a clock in the background that Mooney was there—a mile from the scene of the explosion—at two minutes to two and at four minutes past two. This revelation conflicted with MacDonald's testimony at the Billings trial that he saw Mooney and Billings at Steuart and Market Streets at one fifty. Accordingly, MacDonald testified against Mooney that he was not exactly sure about the time, but it must have been some time between one thirty and one forty-five when the suit-case was deposited. This change somewhat embarrassed the rest of MacDonald's testi-

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mony regarding his movements since it made it appear that it took him at least 25 minutes to walk from the scene of the explosion to the Alameda Café 125 feet down Market Street. However, the ex-waiter seems to have made this plausible to the jury by explaining that he was a sick man just out of the hospital, and the change of a quarter of an hour in the evidence gave Mooney time to get back from the scene of the explosion to the roof of the Eilers building.

The testimony of the Edeaus and others regarding Mooney's wanderings about town in the hour or two preceding the explosion was also partially challenged by credible defense witnesses who saw him in Mrs. Mooney's studio at various times during this period, but from the serious effects of these embarrassments the prosecution was saved by a new find. The State introduced Frank C. Oxman, a "frank and honest" old cattle buyer from Oregon, who, coming in from Portland that morning, had seen even more than MacDonald saw at Steuart and Market Streets. Oxman had also overheard Mooney say to Billings: "We must get away from here, the bulls will be after us." Mooney and Billings, according to Oxman, arrived with the bomb suit-case in a Ford car corresponding to Weinberg's jitney and were accompanied by three other passengers including "a lady."

The impressive detail and positiveness of Oxman's testimony overcame any lingering suspicions that may have been aroused in the jury's mind by the conflicting stories of MacDonald and the other witnesses. With Fickert's barrage of newspaper charges ringing in their ears that Mooney was an anarchist, a German agent and the chief of an organized ring of dynamiters, the guilty verdict was rendered. The United Railways' worst enemy was sentenced to be hanged.

Almost immediately things began to happen which placed both the Billings and the Mooney verdicts under a cloud. "The honest cattle buyer's" testimony was impeached first. It developed that on the morning of the explosion, instead of arriving in San Francisco from Portland, Oxman had stopped off with friends in the town of Woodland, nearly one hundred miles away, had lunched with them and taken a nap in their house as late as 12:30. Oxman could not conceivably have been at the scene of the explosion before two o'clock, and when it was discovered that, with the approval and financial assistance of the District Attorney's office, he had brought an oldtime friend, Ed Rigall, from his former home in Grayville, Illinois, to testify that he was there in spite of these contradictions Oxman's testimony was completely discredited. He was subsequently tried for perjury, but with only part of this evidence available at the time, with Fickert's assistants prosecuting and with a judge in charge who frankly stated his confidence in Mooney's guilt and Oxman's innocence, won a technical acquittal.

Oxman's collapse as a witness, however, sufficiently weakened the State's case and confidence in the Fickert prosecuting methods so that when Weinberg and Mrs. Mooney were tried late in 1917, they were acquitted. Held in jail on technical charges of murder for the better part of another year, they were finally released on bail while Nolan after nearly two years' imprisonment was released without trial for lack of evidence.

Next to break were the Edeaus. In claiming a part of the reward for their share in securing the convictions, Mrs. Mellie Edeau had cast some doubts on her claim to have been at 721 Market Street at all. Interviewed by Oakland police on the question, she announced that while her physical body may have been absent, she was certainly there in her "astral body" and that for this reason her testimony had a peculiar validity. Cross-questioned, the Edeaus admitted also that even their identification of Billings and the Mooneys was highly uncertain, and that when Fickert's men and the police had pointed out the accused to them in their jail cells as the persons they must have remembered seeing, they had agreed with the police largely for the sake of being agreeable. But whether certain or not of their identifications, the Edeaus added grandly that they had no regrets. They had received private assurances "in their souls" that Mooney and Billings were guilty.

Still other discrepancies and points of self-interest continued to develop. Estelle Smith, the ex-prostitute who had received Billings in the dentist's office, declared that she had become positive in her identification of him only after Fickert and Swanson had threatened to lock her up and keep her locked up if she did not stick to her story. Now she was not so sure. A Mrs. Alice Kidwell who testified at the grand jury proceedings, but not at the trials, to having seen Billings and Mooney signal to each other at 721 Market Street, was found to have interested the District Attorney's office in getting her husband, Daniel, paroled from Folsom penitentiary.

Of the important identifying witnesses there remained only two: the ex-waiter, MacDonald, and the Honolulu school teacher, who admitted only having caught a fleeting glimpse of Billings on the stair-case. Between the trials of Billings, Mooney and Mrs. Mooney, he materially altered his account of the point at which he stood in making the identification. Meanwhile, Alphonse de Caccia, working in a small shop at 717 Market Street, testified that he was on the roof of the building at 721 from one thirty until four fifteen, that he had signalled to Henry Pincus, a fellow employee, to show him what stair-case to take to come up to the roof, that a short man of Billings' general build had been on the roof with a camera case resembling in a general way the other witnesses' descriptions of the bomb-carrying suit-case. Instead, though, of leaving the roof to place the "bomb" at Steuart and Market Streets, as his "double," Billings, was supposed to have done, the unknown photographer stayed there all afternoon.

As these revelations appeared one after another during 1917, organized labor and liberal sentiment throughout the nation became increasingly convinced that Mooney and Billings had been convicted on false and trumped up evidence in an atmosphere of cleverly manipulated popular hysteria. It was the War year. A hanging scandal tending to disaffect labor from the nation's fundamental effort could not be permitted. Accordingly, President Wilson granted requests that the Mooney-Billings cases be investigated by the federal secret service. As a result of these investigations the President wrote an open letter to Governor Stephens of California in March, 1918, urging either that steps be taken to secure a new trial for Mooney or that his sentence be commuted.

California's law and order groups grumbled—and still do— that "the orderly processes of California justice" were being "unconstitutionally interfered with" by the President, but after the Armistice in November the commutation was granted. Mooney's neck was saved, and the long fight began to secure his and his young associate's re-

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lease from life imprisonment.

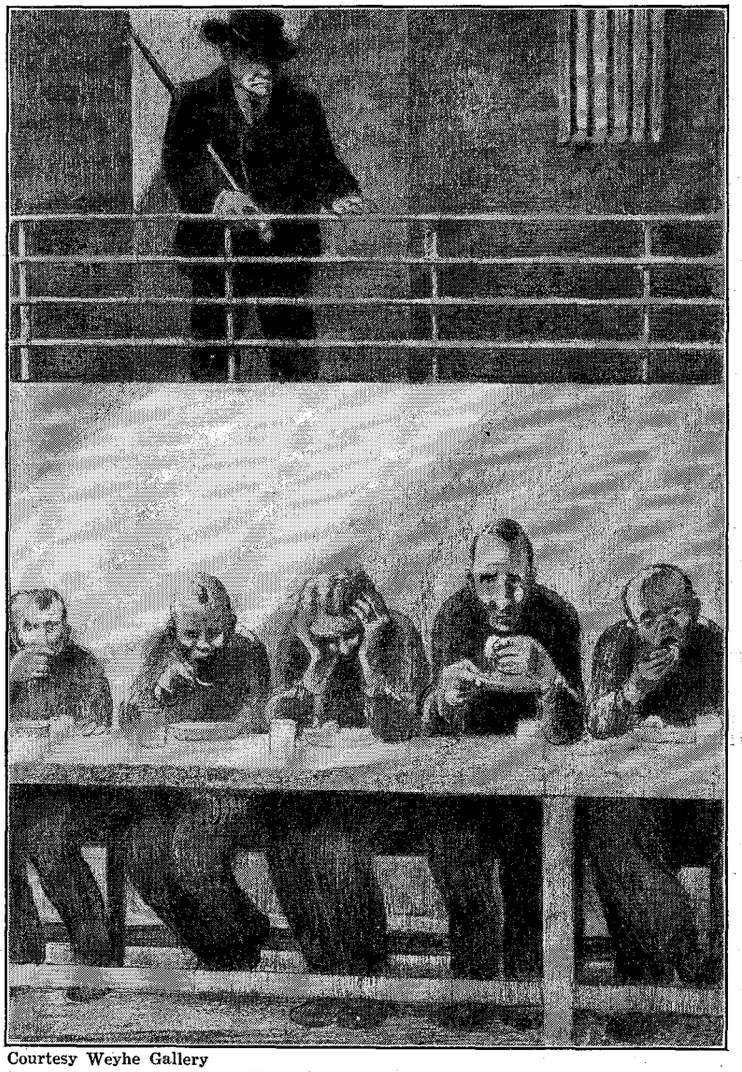
It has been a curious fight in that all the "breaks" have been for the defense except the legalistic and political ones. Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who presided at the Mooney trial, became convinced of the prisoners' innocence immediately after the Oxman disclosures, and began working for their release. James F. Brennan, who as Fickert's deputy District Attorney prosecuted Billings, declared in an open letter as early as November, 1920, that he believed Billing's conviction was obtained by fraud and perjury and asked that both men be granted new trials or pardoned. Draper Hand, one of Fickert's detectives, confessed to having helped "frame" testimony against Mooney. Captains Duncan Mattheson and Charles Goff of the San Francisco police department, prominent in the evidence-getting activities under Fickert's and Swanson's direction, came shortly to similar conclusions. One by one the members of the Mooney trial jury joined in the clemency appeal.

In 1921 MacDonald, the last remaining crucial witness, "broke." In an affidavit to Mooney's lawyers he declared that his trial testimony was perjured, that he was held practically a prisoner by detectives all the time he was under summons as a witness, and that, though near the scene of the explosion, he had never seen Mooney or Billings until police and district attorney's men took him to their cells, and pointing them out said, in effect—"There's your man."

Then came the first legalistic "break." In 1921 the California supreme court, though with all the evidence of fraudulent testimony before it, denied Mooney's petition for a new trial on the grounds that, under the California law, nothing but errors in the trial record permitted it to vacate a judgment. Perjury and repudiated testimony, if properly recorded, the court reasoned, produced binding verdicts, and Mooney's only recourse, if unjustly convicted, was to executive clemency.

So the release effort became a struggle for a pardon. But for the first six years it was necessarily a hopeless effort. Governor Stephens was shortly to retire from office and the still half-organized pardon-working organizations thought it better to await the election of his successor. But his successor proved to be Friend W. Richardson, the candidate of the "union-smashing" groups, who backed up Fickert in prosecution policies, and either solemnly believed — and still believes — every shred of evidence that was concocted against Mooney and Billings regardless of discrepancies or felt that, guilty or not, both men should stay in prison because they were "radical agitators."

So during the four years from 1923 to 1927 Richardson declined to consider Mooney's pardon application. An unnamed banker had told him, he wrote in his correspondence on the subject, that he had seen Mooney place the bomb, and though the banker, because he felt conviction was sure, had not testified, Richardson announced that this evidence proved Mooney's guilt regardless of the collapse of Oxman and other witnesses. Privately—or at least not for publication—Richardson told nearly every one he saw, and still does, that practically all trial judges, juries and witnesses want to get their victims off soon after they have convicted them, and the stand of Judge Griffin, the Mooney jurors and the retractions of witnesses' testimony in the case were therefore worthless. Such, from the standpoint of the Mooney pardon workers, were the four years of Richardson.



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

THE CRIMINAL CODE
A lithograph by Mabel Dwight

In 1926 Clement C. Young, a genial former school teacher and realtor who had once been Speaker of the lower house of the California legislature, ran against Richardson for the governorship. Being a progressive in a mild way with an interest in cultivating a labor following, Young pledged himself if elected to give the Mooney pardon application fair consideration. Young won; but with the old "union smashing" groups of San Francisco and the even more passionately union hating Los Angeles *Times* thundering at him the charge that he was a dangerous radical.

A soothing type of politician, who had never yet faced an opposition without trying to conciliate it, Young thus entered office with the Mooney pledge his greatest embarrassment. Almost before the election was over, word was circulated widely among the Richardson Bourbons and the ward leaders of the huge, Moscow-hating population of expatriate Main-Streeters in Los Angeles that if Young ever dared

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The Trend of Events

Those Whalen Documents

On May 2, Grover Whalen, then Police Commissioner of New York, made public certain documents alleged to be photostatic copies of papers in the files of the Amtorg Trading Corporation. The effect of these documents, whose authenticity Amtorg officials promptly denied, was to identify this Soviet commercial organization with Communistic propaganda against American institutions.

Shortly after the publication of the photostats, the House of Representatives created a committee, headed by Representative Fish of New York, to investigate Communistic activities in the United States. Naturally, it was assumed that the heart of the committee's work would be to ascertain whether or not the much-advertised Whalen documents, with their serious implications against the Amtorg, were forgeries. The committee, however, failed to reach this subject during its early sessions, which were held in Washington. Eventually, it moved to New York and there, after a few days, witnesses appeared before it to prove that the documents were genuine.

One of these was Mr. Whalen, who asserted that the documents were authentic beyond question. Other testimony presented before the committee purported to show that the Amtorg was a link between Communist headquarters in Russia and Communist agitators in the United States, supplying them with funds from its collections in America and transferring to them funds sent to the Amtorg from Moscow. Then, at last, the committee heard the other side of the case. John Spivak, a New York reporter, told of the investigation which had led him to conclude that the documents were spurious. Max Wagner, a New York printer, testified that he had made the letterheads on which the documents were printed. Joseph Michael, attorney for the Amtorg, analyzed the documents and pointed out twenty-three flaws which, he declared, proved that they were obviously fakes.

So at last the issue was squarely joined. The ground was cleared for the committee to push its investigation until it had established whether or not the documents were as spurious as they had begun to appear and whether or not the Amtorg had been falsely accused of aiding Communist agitators. Then, to every one's amazement, the committee suddenly dropped its investigation into the Whalen documents and the trading corporation and dashed away to Detroit, there to pursue some other line of inquiry. At the very point where it might have been useful, it left.

An astonishing performance. We trust that it does not indicate that the committeemen are more eager to conceal than to discover and publish the truth.

Keystone

HEAD OF THE AMTORG
Peter A. Bogdanov, president and chairman of the trading corporation

But if it does not, then it must indicate that the committee is downright incompetent.

The Farm Problem

Highly dissatisfied with the farm-relief record made by the President and the Federal Farm Board, Senator Borah, a Hoover champion in 1928, plans to vent his feelings in a speaking tour through the West this fall.

Certainly his disappointment is understandable. President Hoover signed a tariff bill which was of little direct advantage to the farmers but indirectly injured them by boosting the cost of articles they must buy. Furthermore, though Mr. Hoover had opposed government price fixing in the 1928 campaign, he stood idly by while the Farm Board sought to fix the price of wheat by purchasing nearly seventy million bushels. Some day, probably, the Government must sell this wheat at a loss. Meanwhile, it must pay storage charges running from a cent and a half to two cents a bushel a month. And meanwhile, despite everything, wheat has slumped to the lowest price levels in more than a decade. No wonder Senator Borah is dissatisfied with that record. Who isn't?

Unfortunately, most of those who criticize the Administration's farm program want it to indulge in even less promising experiments than those it has already tried. Thus Senators Allen and Capper of Kansas—largest wheat producing state—ask the board to increase its wheat holdings by 100,000,000 bushels, a plan well calculated to plunge the Government further into business, increase storage charges, stimulate overproduction, and, in general, make a bad matter worse. Presumably the Capper-Allen plan would lift wheat prices somewhat, though perhaps not much, since the 100,000,000 bushels would remain a part of the visible supply. But the Government would own a fifth of the average annual 800,000,000 bushel production, and, when the time came for it to sell, prices would inevitably be depressed all over again.

Other critics drag out those old political footballs, the equalization fee and the export debenture plan. As Chairman Legge of the Farm Board has said, the trouble with all such schemes to dispose of the surplus by sending it abroad is that apparently they will not work. Since wheat is grown—overgrown—in many parts of the world, many countries have erected tariff walls to keep the foreign product out. Mr. Legge points out that practically every nation in the world has adopted anti-dumping laws. Whatever the solution of the farm problem, therefore, it will not be found in export debentures or equalization fees.

Its Remedies

Aside from its venture into price fixing, which it probably regrets, the Farm Board stakes its hopes on collective action by the farmers with the Government acting as benevolent supervisor. Farmers, it believes, must bind themselves into co-operative associations not only to insure orderly marketing of their products but to eliminate over-production, the germ of most of their woes.

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Mr. Legge, back in Washington after his stormy trip through the Mid-West, is hopeful that farmers see the merit of his plea for curtailed wheat acreage and will soon begin to act upon it. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde is less optimistic but probably more accurate. It is true enough, as Mr. Legge declares, that the world market is not a profitable field for the American grower. Moreover, the best information obtainable indicates that the world wheat price level will be low for several years. It therefore follows that the farmer should confine his attention to the domestic market, which is capable of absorbing about seventy-five per cent of the annual output.

The difficulty lies in persuading him to keep his product within this limit. Hitherto he has not warmed up to the advice that he let high-priced fields lie idle or plant a new crop to which his land is not well adapted and which, were the advice widely followed, might become another drug on the market like wheat. Hence, the remedy of curtailed production and collective action is hard to take and slow to act. Farm-belt politicians have little patience with it. They prefer exciting cure-alls. Let the Government buy another hundred million bushels of wheat, they say, or let Congress pass a bill incorporating the equalization fee or export debenture plan. The mystery is that so many farmers continue to listen to them and to swallow their panaceas year after year.

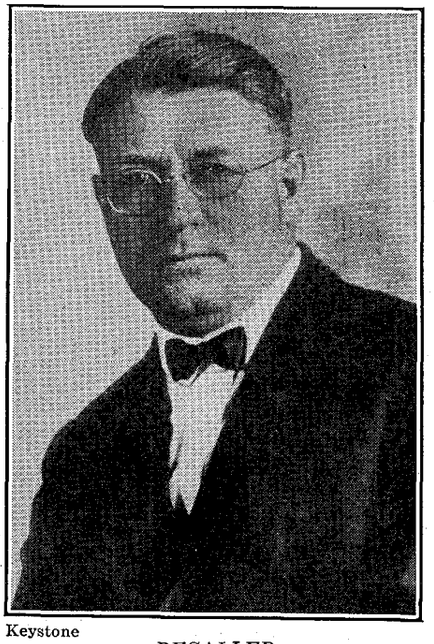
Mr. Legge puts it all very simply: "The farmer's problem is an economic one that will never be solved by any political remedies." What a pity he did not discover this truth before his own board took its politically-motivated, economically unsound, and, as it turned out, altogether futile flier into government price fixing.

▶▶*A Recalled Mayor*

THE RECALL of Mayor Charles Bowles of Detroit indicates that, strange as it may seem, the people of that large city are actually concerned with their own municipal government. They were sufficiently concerned to write more than 90,000 signatures on a petition for a special recall election. They were even concerned enough to go to the polls and recall the mayor by a vote of 121,000 to 90,000.

The repudiation came eight months after Bowles' election. The mayor, they say, has a passion for service; he longs to serve the public as mayor, then as Governor, then as United States Senator. In 1924, his first mayoralty campaign ended in failure, despite the support of the Ku Klux Klan. In 1929 he was more successful, winning with a majority of 8,000 and earning the approval of the Anti-Saloon League.

Landing in City Hall, the new mayor made no objection to a plan to prevent aliens from working for the city. He appointed an eminent citizen as police commissioner, attended the Kentucky Derby and returned to discharge the commissioner who had conducted a series of raids on race-track bookies in his absence. The commissioner, was not discharged for making the raids but for



Keystone

RECALLED
Mayor Charles Bowles of Detroit defeated by 30,000 majority

permitting the gamblers to operate—that was the mayor's story. He also dismissed Frank Couzens, son of the Senator, but denied that he did so because young Couzens had opposed his plan to raise fares on the municipally owned street railways.

Other activities, such as his assuming personal command of the vice squad, helped to dramatize the principal charges against him—dismissal of faithful city employees, mismanagement of the street railways and toleration of lawlessness. The climax came on the morning after the election in the gang murder of Gerald E. Buckley, a radio announcer who had denounced the underworld and favored the recall in his speeches on the air. Whatever the motive of the murder, Detroit's reaction from it may work to Mr. Bowles' disadvantage in the election of September 9, in which he will be a candidate again.

Unless Bowles is defeated on that date the recall election will have been wasted time. While the case against him is not overwhelming, he seems hardly a suitable mayor for the fourth-largest city in the country. Detroit citizens have shown the initiative to petition and vote for his recall. It remains for them to show the persistence to defeat him in September.

▶▶*A Rural Chicago*

THE ATTACK on State Senator Dennis of South Carolina again suggests that gang warfare is not an exclusively urban institution. Dennis was shot down on a dirt street in Moncks Corner, a Hell Hole Swamp town holding three hundred inhabitants and the Berkeley County courthouse. Charleston sleeps thirty miles down the Cooper River. To the north the Santee meanders to the sea. Yet Dennis might well have fallen in Chicago or Detroit. His may have been but a country edition of the shooting of Jake Lingle, Chicago *Tribune* police reporter, or of Jerry Buckley, Detroit radio announcer, but basically it was the same old story. The familiar story of the corrupting influence of prohibition, with all its unlovely by-products.

Dennis was a candidate for re-election to the state Senate, where he had served for most of the last twenty years. A day before his head was filled with buckshot, he informed Governor Richards that he was certain of being ambushed and asked that National Guardsmen be sent to preserve order in the Democratic primary of August 20 and to prevent his opponent from "taking the ballot boxes." The Senator's premonition and the Governor's decision that troops would be useless against bushwhackers indicate this: they both knew Hell Hole Swamp.

Hell Hole Swamp is the center of the whiskey-manufacturing industry of the South Atlantic seaboard. For more than two centuries it was an unproductive wilderness of tangled underbrush and sluggish creeks. With a little farming, some lumbering and turpentine gathering, the Scotch-Irish and French Huguenot settlers eked out an existence strikingly different from that of their neighbors, the old indigo and rice planters on the banks of the nearby Santee and Edisto. They ate their side meat and corn pone, drank their raw corn whiskey from five-gallon demijohns, and talked

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of the days when General Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox, hid there from the British.

Then came prohibition. Their whiskey was soon worth $2.50 a gallon. Their swamp became a hiding place for thousands of stills. Bootleggers' rivalries produced bitter feuds featuring ambushes and assassinations. Through it all, until last week, stood one combination, that of Senator Dennis and Ben Villeponteaux, indicted by Federal authorities but acquitted by a jury convinced that Washington was invading their state's sovereign rights.

Such is the story of Hell Hole Swamp, a thousand miles from Chicago and Detroit, yet, like each of them, but another pea in the prohibition pod.

▸▸*Pussyfoot Corner*

Hamilton Fish, Jr., member of Congress and football expert, makes a sensational safety: "I have been in Congress five terms and never once have I spoken on prohibition. Any Representative can make the front page by attacking or upholding the amendment and some of them make the same speech every three or four weeks for the sake of publicity. But I don't do that. I have never made a speech on the subject. I have never found it necessary. In this campaign I will not commit myself to the wets and I will not commit myself to the drys. I shall make no statements as to how I shall vote on questions pertaining to prohibition or modification. Instead, I shall vote on every issue before the House on its merits alone."

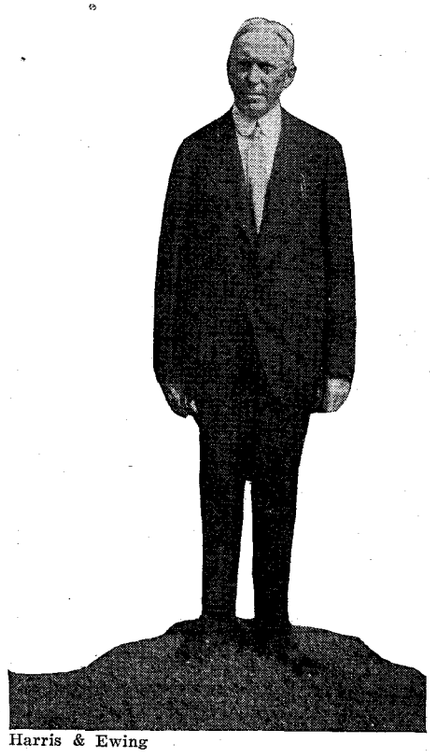
▸▸*George and Claudius*

Clinging Claudius Huston will be extracted from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee on August 7. The job that Mr. Hoover gave, Mr. Hoover has taken away.

The demand for Mr. Huston's resignation arose back in March, when the Senate lobby committee revealed his temporary use of funds contributed to the Tennessee River Improvement Association, of which he was president, in his own brokerage account. Mr. Huston met the demand by staying determinedly on. A month ago he declared that he would say something on this resignation question after the adjournment of the Senate. Further than that he would not go.

Eleven days passed and the Senate adjourned. Then two more days passed, and still Mr. Huston said nothing. Mr. Hoover thereupon sent for General Counsel Burke and Treasurer Nutt of the National Committee, who found Mr. Huston in New York and told him of the President's will. Next day, when the chairman had left the White House after a conference with the President, Mr. Burke issued a statement in Mr. Huston's name announcing that the resignation would be submitted at the August 7 meeting of the National Committee's executive committee. Mr. Huston's successor will be the cracker-dry Senator Fess.

After the seventh of August, therefore, harmony will again be the Republican watchword, and orators may go arm in arm to the hustings, there to advise that their hearers vote Republican so as to perpetuate prosperity. Or, rather, harmony might be the watchword of a large section of the party, were it not for the pesky Senator George Higgins Moses, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. This man Moses has no sense of shame. He admits that he tried to make Otto Kahn treasurer of his committee without asking permission from westerners; that he encouraged Clinging Claudius to cling; that he denounced Mr. Hoover's naval treaty, and that he referred to insurgent Republicans as "sons of the wild jackass." Yet he refuses to repent and, like Claudius, retire from his chairmanship, as Young Guard Republicans, led by Senators Allen of Kansas and Vandenberg of Michigan, demand. He even refuses to stay in the East and let Senator Steiwer supervise Republican senatorial campaigns west of the Mississippi.



Harris & Ewing

OUSTED

Claudius H. Huston retires from chairmanship of Republican National Committee

Still, no doubt he will concentrate on the East if he will not confine himself to it. We hope so. We want to see Mr. Moses, who has called the Volstead Act a jackass law, making a good strong fight for, say, the dry Ruth Hanna McCormick. Then we shall be sure that our illogical political system is as charmingly illogical as ever.

▸▸*Naval Treaty Ratified*

Negotiations on the naval treaty really began with Hugh Gibson's speech before a League of Nations commission in April, 1929. The treaty was signed at London a year later, on April 22, 1930. Approved by the British Parliament and the American Senate, it will take effect when ratified by the Japanese Privy Council.

On July 21, the treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, 59 to 9, after two weeks of debate in which its sweating, straining opponents failed to make out a case. Obviously there was little to be said against the treaty save that it does not go half far enough. One of the few acute speeches on the subject came from Senator Wagner. "It is a feeble treaty," he said, "a weak and insufficient instrument; but it is better than competitive building. If it does not carry us forward far toward the goal of disarmament, at least it applies the brakes against the rapid backsliding which had already begun."

Ratification, he thought, would "facilitate future agreements of actual reduction." It may. We shall see. But rejection, as he said, would undoubtedly have multiplied international ill-will, suspicions and fears, "those seeds of war of which there is ever a surplus." Moreover, if the Senate had turned down this feeble little treaty, it would have killed all hope of any genuine, far-reaching reductions in the near future. American taxpayers may comfort themselves with this thought as they fork up the billion dollars—$989,460,000, says the Navy General Board—which must be spent from 1931 to 1936 if we are to attain the maximum strength which the treaty allows us.

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Of the fourteen reservations advanced in the Senate—four by Senator Johnson, five by Senator McKellar—only one was adopted. This one, fathered by Senator Norris, declares that the Senate ratified the treaty with the distinct understanding that there are no secret agreements which in any way affect its provisions. The great danger to the treaty probably lies in no secret agreement but in the so-called escalator, escape or safe-guarding clause, which permits Britain, America and Japan to build more ships if France or Italy does. The limitations imposed by the treaty are therefore elastic.

From the strictly American point of view the great advantage of the treaty is that it gives us parity with Britain. We must not make the mistake of undervaluing this fact, and, since it is going to cost us $989,460,000, probably we won't.

▶▶*Mixed Babies*

SONS WERE born to Mrs. Bamberger and Mrs. Watkins on the same day at the same Chicago hospital. In due time the children were taken to their homes, where the Watkinses discovered to their consternation that their son wore an identification label marked Bamberger. Inquiry revealed that the Bamberger baby had been similarly labelled Watkins.

In the absence of King Solomon, a jury of twelve scientists, including a pathologist, a dermatologist, an obstetrician, a neurologist and an ophthalmologist, conferred over the case. Tests finally convinced most of them that the babies had been mixed. Physicians and hospital authorities countered with evidence that there had been no mistake. Both mothers and Mr. Bamberger were inclined to agree. But the written word is potent. Mr. Watkins could not get his mind off those labels, and the matter reached a deadlock.

It is not a pleasant possibility to consider—that babies can present such an enigma that it is impossible for scientists to establish conclusively their relationhip to their parents, once that relationship has been questioned. Yet one cannot help feeling that the affair is an unfortunate commentary, not only on the fallibility of science and of hospital methods, but also on the machinery of modern publicity.

The matter is of first importance, both to the parents and to the children themselves. A similar mistake, had the parents been people of means, would have been quietly and quickly righted. As it is, the affair has been exploited up to —and far beyond—the limit of its comic possibilities. The parents have been paraded before movie cameras and sound producing devices, discussed over the radio and hounded by reporters and crowds of bystanders. Their confusion and distrust of their own feelings have mounted accordingly. It is true that the case will be settled and the hubbub will quickly subside. A month from today few people will remember who the Bambergers and Watkinses were or why they were interesting. But it is hardly fair that the two families should have had a really serious difficulty humorously described and many times multiplied merely to divert the American public.

Keystone

WHO'S WHOSE?
Mrs. Charles Bamberger and Mrs. William Watkins and their children

▶▶*Bayreuth*

AT THE DEATH of Frau Cosima Wagner, widow of the great composer, a few months ago, Wagnerites turned to each other and asked: "What will become of Bayreuth?" True, Frau Cosima, who died a helpless invalid at the age of 93, had taken no active part in the Bayreuth festival for many years. Yet few pilgrims to the small Bavarian town where Wagner built his theatre had failed to glance, in homage, toward her upper room in the Villa Wahnfried.

The daughter of Franz Liszt, the "one woman in the world," says Ernest Newman, "who was fitted to govern his [Wagner's] kingdom after his death with something of his own overbearing, inconsiderate strength," the imperious Cosima, bedridden, still reigned in spirit. Now, with Wagner forty-seven years dead and the spell of Cosima broken, could their son, Siegfried, draw reverent musicians from the ends of the earth for the annual performance of the music-dramas?

No Wagner attended the opening performance this season. Siegfried was critically ill. But visitors crowded the Festspielhaus to capacity. *Tannhauser* was played for the first time in more than twenty-five years. There were new scenery and new costumes, designed by Siegfried, and over the "Sacred Hill" itself lay an atmosphere of regeneration. For the first time, the conductor was Arturo Toscanini, Italian director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. And all was well with Bayreuth.

Toscanini is a consummate artist. A stern taskmaster, one after Wagner's own heart, he is unsparing of himself and of his musicians and singers, tireless in his attention to detail, insistent on perfection. Each year Bayreuth draws notable choral singers and the best of the German soloists, many of them from the Metropolitan in New York. To this array of talent, Toscanini adds his extraordinary leadership. As long as he commands it with his baton, the German citadel of music is safe.

▶▶*The Quake in Italy*

THE ITALIAN earthquake of July 23 takes rank with the major disasters of modern times. The destructive center of the quake lay through Benevento, Melfi and lesser towns on the ankle of the Italian boot. The estimated number of dead has several times been revised upward toward four thousand. Additional thousands were injured, more thousands are homeless and property damage is enormous.

Almost as important as these facts is the little-noted story of what Italy missed. The quake which caused such destruction was, in point of fact, a minor one. Five hours before, there was another four times as violent. Within the last two or three weeks sensitive seismo-

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Courtesy N. Y. Times

The earthquake area

logical instruments have registered about twenty quakes in various parts of the world, many of them more violent than that felt in Italy on July 23. Fortunately, the centers of most of these phenomena were far at sea or in uninhabited areas and no tale of ruin attended their recording. Hence they were of interest only to scientists.

All of them, however, served one purpose abstractly constructive. Each brought seismologists one tiny step closer to their goal—the knowledge which will enable them to forecast the time, place, and probable intensity of earthquakes. There is some sort of recognizable cycle in these disturbances in Italy. The July 23 earthquake had no connection with Italy's volcanoes. Instead, it was well in line with scientific expectations of a periodic disturbance in this area. These expectations were based upon calculations of subsurface pressure and temperatures and on constant observation of the slow process of change beneath the crust of the earth, periodically translated to the surface in earthquakes. Hence, the quake's materialization, while destructive to life and property, definitely advanced man's knowledge toward the understanding which will protect him in the future.

In the midst of the latest disaster it is comforting to reflect that everything about it was not wanton waste. The seismologists were on the job. In time we may know enough about these terrifying phenomena—which in twenty-five years have caused more than 500,000 deaths in a comparatively limited area—to recognize the symptoms of their approach and get out of the way.

▶▶*House on Fifth Avenue*

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY, some New Yorkers call it. As the sightseeing buses reach the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street, the guides shout out: "This is the house that money won't buy."

Save for the aged servants, the dingy four-story brick and brownstone structure has one inhabitant, Miss Ella Wendel. Miss Ella would not like to see her house pointed out as a curiosity, or to see it pointed out at all. She would be angry to think that, since the recent death of her last surviving sister, Mrs. Georgianna Wendel Swope, passersby turn to stare at her blankly shuttered windows and to repeat the stories told of the legendary Wendels. But Miss Ella probably does not know that they do. She is eighty years old, and it is many months since doormen at towering buildings in the neighborhood have seen her slip out the side gate toward evening, wearing her stiff sailor hat and rusty costume of the '60's.

Like John Jacob Astor, the first John Wendel left the fur business to invest his money in real estate. He and Astor married sisters. There were seven Wendel children, a boy, John, and six girls. Like his father, John bought choice real estate and never sold it. He did not marry, and he did not wish his sisters to marry, since it would disperse the family property. Like all the Wendels, he hated publicity and social intercourse.

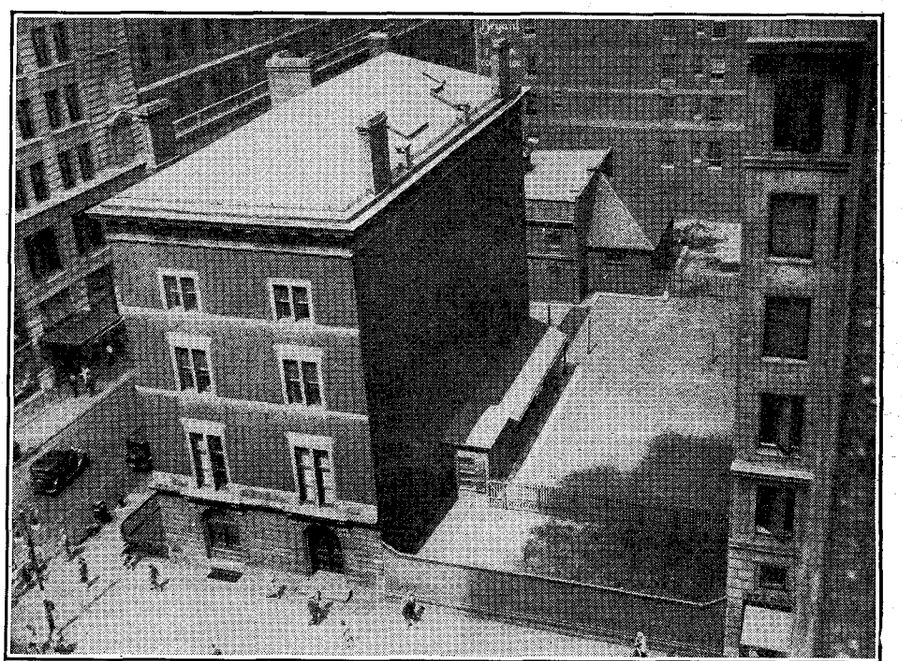
While the Wendel fortune mounted toward $100,000,000, John counseled frugality. Today the Thirty-Ninth Street House is the only private residence on Fifth Avenue below Forty-Second Street but when John built it in 1856 fashionable neighbors complained because the Wendel laundry was hung in the yard.

At the age of fifty, Rebecca, prettiest of the sisters, married Professor Luther A. Swope, a friend of the Vicar of Trinity Church. After that, John frowned on church-going. Only one other sister rebelled, also at the age of fifty. The story goes that she intended to marry one of the family coachmen, but was committed to a sanatorium and eventually returned home.

There is no electricity, no telephone, no touch of modernity in the house on Thirty-Ninth Street. The laundry still flaps behind the high wall of the garden, though the poodle who used to run there is dead. Last year venerable members of the Union League Club, which stands across the street, looked out of their windows and gasped. Scaffolding had appeared on the Wendel house. It was only workmen, hired to repair the crumbling cornices, but it was a portent. Before long the house will come down. The last Wendel will have passed. An era on Fifth Avenue will be over.

▶▶*The Tariff Alibi*

JUST BEFORE signing the tariff bill on June 17, President Hoover paid lovely



Keystone

MISS ELLA WENDEL'S
Only private residence remaining on Fifth Avenue below Forty-Second Street

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tribute to the flexible provision, empowering him to raise or lower rates up to fifty per cent on recommendation of the Tariff Commission. Much mention was made of that provision around the middle of June, and, on paper, it all looked very pretty.

Old-idea tariff commissioners were to go, taking with them their slogan, "Excelsior." New-idea commissioners would succeed them. The commission would be thoroughly reorganized. It would then conduct prompt, searching and scientific investigations into the tariff rates, removing injustices right and left. Had thirty nations protested against the tariff schedules? Well, then, let them bring their problems before the commission; the commission would solve them in jig time. Before you could say Jack Robinson, the commissioners would scan the 887 rates raised by Congress and probably adjust most of them downward—so ran the plain implication of the commission's champions, in and out of Congress. No such promise came from Mr. Hoover, to be sure, but even he implied that the commission would give the tariff a scientific overhauling.

Since then more than six weeks have passed, but where, oh where, are the new commissioners? None had been named when the Senate adjourned on July 21. While Congress has asked the reorganized commission to investigate the new rates on many articles, there isn't any reorganized commission to investigate them. Presumably no investigations will be launched until the new members are nominated and have assumed their duties. But when will that be? Is the President to give the new members recess appointments, subject to cancellation by Congress in December? Suppose Congress expels the appointees—will their work have to be done all over again?

No matter. Commissioners appointed by a President who signed the Hawley-Smoot bill and confirmed by legislators who passed it will never recommend the quick wholesale downward revisions without which the tariff measure will remain an abomination. Realizing this, other countries—last week Mexico, New Zealand and Spain joined the list—without waiting for the commission to act, have imposed higher tariffs on our exports in return for the higher tariffs we imposed on theirs. Their self-interest is intelligent. The new Tariff Commission was a handy alibi for the bill's supporters, but it will not and can not make a bad tariff law into a good one.

▶▶"Caucasian Crusade"

THE KLUXERS are forming again. Not into the old white-robed Klan of the '60's, which rose in an emergency and swiftly did its work on flour-covered horses with muffled hoofs. Nor into that fantastic travesty, "the second Klan," which, founded eleven years ago by William Joseph Simmons, assumed the name and the ceremonials of the first along with the racial and religious prejudices of the Know-Nothing movement of the '50's. But into a feeble imitation of the second, under the name of the "Caucasian Crusade."

The "crusade" begins with a letter and a questionnaire, circulated from Atlanta to many a "blood-brother and fellow patriot." The order is termed "a great, distinctly independent, unique and most timely nation-wide movement, inaugurated and sponsored by serious-minded, devoted, mature, honorable men." One of the seven sponsors whose names are signed to the letter is our old friend Simmons, who sold out the second Klan for $100,000. Another is Representative William Schley Howard of Georgia. Still another is ex-Congressman Robert Ramspeck of the same state.

Blood-brothers and fellow patriots are told that "there is no organization extant that is doing or that can do what this one is purposely founded to do"—i.e., "perpetuate the white man's distinctive ideals, social supremacy and economic interest in all things." The Caucasian Crusade is "strictly NON-Sectarian and NON-Partisan; but it fervently fosters a universally co-ordinated use of the ballot, by white citizens, for the protection of our social order, for the security of our political heritage, for the preservation of governmental integrity and for the cleansing of our Temple of Government of all demagogic dirt and purging it of all 'alien' and 'racial' influences, participation, political privilege and consequent corruption. JUST READ BETWEEN THESE LINES."

One need not bother to look between the lines to see the hand of Simmons. Nor need one go for the suggested personal interview to get "more light" on this "loftily inspired, intelligently visioned, thoroughly practical and properly programed" crusade. That may be left for the "sovereign, upright white men of true blood," the "real, red-blooded white Americans, inside and outside"—you know the type of pitiful clod-hopper. No doubt many of them will seek "more light." And Lord knows most of them need it.

Remarkable Remarks

This world is made up of all kinds of people.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Money is more abundant than it has ever been, possibly too abundant.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Rightness in mechanics, rightness in morals are basically the same thing and cannot rest apart.—HENRY FORD.

Today only the richer ones, or two per cent of the people, patronize the bootlegger to any great extent.—PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER.

I think a man or woman who believes in drinking are awful, to tell the truth about it, I just don't care to be around such people.—BILLY MARSH, JR. (AET. 11).

I'm looking for a new set of teeth and maybe I could use a wife too.—ZARO AGHA (AET. 156).

Mr. Tilden has done so much for tennis that he should be above criticism.—HELEN WILLS MOODY.

Movies, cards, gossip and golf are popular diversions, but when carried to an extreme they have a very decidedly narrowing influence on the individual.—NELSON ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER.

A girl told me all you have to do is ask for a divorce [in Paris] and smile at the judge and he gives it to you. Paris must be a wonderful place to live.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

▶▶*In Brief*

"COAST GUARDSMEN Wound Two in Seizing Boat Off Woods Hole, But Find No Liquor Aboard"—newspaper headline. Still, they had the thrill of the chase. . . . One of the charges against Mayor Bowles of Detroit is that he failed to keep campaign promises. We do not wish to be too hard on Mr. Bowles. We merely wish to note that, so far as we know, his failure to keep campaign promises is unprecedented in American politics. . . . Whatever else Ma Ferguson's victory may indicate, it indicates that Texas is a glutton for punishment. . . . It is good to see our leading prohibitionists repudiate all dry enforcement policies which invade constitutional rights. It would have been better to see them take this step before these rights were invaded. . . . Senator Copeland, (Dem.), of New York, de-

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clares that lack of discrimination in fixing tariff rates has added to our commercial distress. This may explain why Senator Copeland voted to take eight commodities off the free list, advocated ten increases and opposed thirty-five reductions. . . . The Amos 'n' Andy influence invades Parliament, as indicated in an Associated Press dispatch appearing in the New York *Times* under a London date line: "As the rebate in the House of Commons on the naval estimates was drawing to a close, the news was flashed to the House that the United States Senate had ratified the naval treaty."

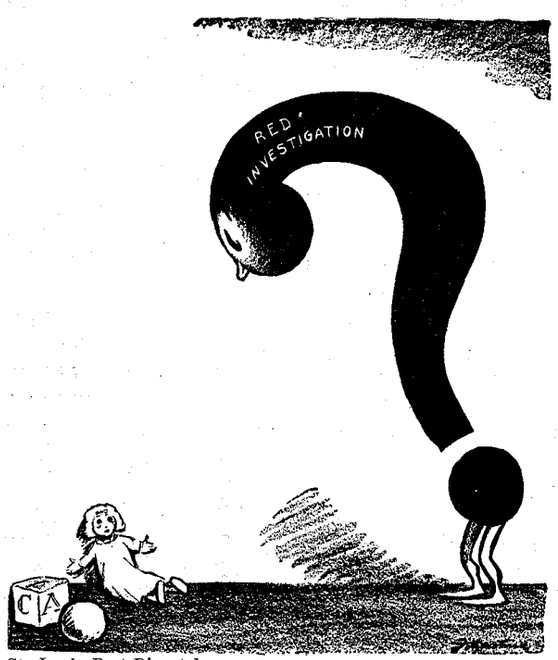
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAVE NO patience with partisan zealots who hold it against Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York because he was sufficiently frank and courageous to admit in a public address that President Hoover would be reelected in 1932 by "returning prosperity." If only because the Senator-Doctor rushed to recant in characteristic manner with the explanation that he was "only fooling," we know that he was severely chastised by his colleagues. For our part, we wish he had stuck to his original statement, which, we happen to know, was made in all seriousness. Moreover, despite the bewilderment occasioned by his prophecy, we think we know why he made it. The good Doctor, to our mind, has been munching "sour grapes" these six years now, and his own health talks convinced us long ago that such an acidic diet will eventually bring on a political rash.

Doctor Copeland, as he explains in clinical confidences, is a man of destiny, but he cannot get it working. What he means is that he regards himself as the Democrats' most logical choice for President, but he must forego his manifest destiny out of deference to three other New Yorkers whose qualifications, though not equaling his own, are held in higher esteem by a mundane-minded press, public and political party. The three eminents who, in Doctor Copeland's opinion, ought to step aside in order that he may make his break for fame are none other than "Al" Smith, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and Owen D. Young. Strange as it may seem, Doctor Copeland's prediction of Republican triumph two years hence was a virtual valedictory. Unable to lift his voice to help his political fates, he took this way of telling his rivals that, even though they do him out of the nomination, it will not be worth having.

Doctor Copeland, to our mind, is too experienced a writer and speaker and publicist not to know that he was committing political hari-kari in thus conceding Mr. Hoover's reelection. He knew just what he was doing, and why. Indeed, who knows but that the three favorites of fate may not take warning from the medic's diagnosis, and leave the field to him!



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Are you a Communist?"

We cannot but sympathize with the Senator's wounded feelings, since we recall that he has always corralled more votes than "Al" Smith outside New York City. Moreover, New York's senior Senator possesses other qualities which the Democrats' candidate in 1928 lacked. With his bedside manner, his health talks and his perennial platform of "I love babies and loathe germs," it must be conceded that the Doctor ought to attract the woman vote, and this, it has been dinned into our ears, is the vote that defeated Mr. Smith two years ago.

Though we do not believe many people are cognizant of Mr. Copeland's ambitions to sit in the White House, he has them. In fact, he was brave enough to set up a complete headquarters in New York City when Messrs. Smith and McAdoo were locked in their death struggle at Madison Square Garden. The Senator had a sumptuous suite at the St. George Hotel, where pretty pamphlets setting forth his qualifications for the presidency were to be had for the asking, even though few asked. Mr. Copeland still maintains that he could have been nominated in that year had Mr. Smith been willing to accept him as a compromise candidate. On clinical days he tells how the McAdooites had agreed to deliver their votes to him, but that the New York Governor balked, and that before the deal could be consummated, the convention had been stampeded to John W. Davis. In 1928 he was again thwarted, although, in the Senator's opinion, he was the obvious candidate. Now he dreads the possibility of the same scenes being repeated in 1932.

In view of these disappointments, we do not think Doctor Copeland should be condemned too severely for his recent outbreak. As he sees it, the White House is his if he can only obtain the nomination—if he can only give his fates the word to go—but he must stand idly by while less able but more attractive gentlemen decide which shall take a licking at the hands of Mr. Hoover.

The Doctor, to our mind, should consult a psychiatrist. He would undoubtedly suggest to the Senator, as have some of his best friends, that he stick to his medicine kit. There is, the Doctor has been told, an excellent opportunity for him, through proper use of his senatorial office, to win a reputation as the nation's leading health expert. He cannot see it, however, and though this is a day of specialization, he dissipates his energies over half a dozen subjects entirely dissociated with health or medicine. He is, for instance, better known for his futile filibusters against the Isle of Pines and naval reduction treaties than for any word spoken or deed done in advancement of the cause of bigger and better babies, longer and lustier lives. So his "sour grapes" speech struck us as psychiatric rather than political in its deeper significance.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ The Farm Relief Fiasco ◀◀

WHEAT prices have been nose-diving in a Republican Administration and in political circles the devil is to pay.

Criticism of the board is political bunk, cries Chairman Legge of the Farm Board. But the board itself is a political instrument, retorts Democrat Jouett Shouse. The farm problem is an economic one, says Chairman Legge. But Hoover asked for the Farm Board and got it, answers Mr. Shouse. Buy a hundred million bushels of wheat right now, shouts Senator Allen of Kansas. But we have bought about seventy million bushels already, at more than a dollar a bushel; besides, the Government can only fix wheat prices by buying into a temporary surplus, not by buying into a permanent accumulated surplus—thus Chairman Legge.

How can the board lose anything by buying wheat at sixty cents? asks Senator Capper of Kansas. Well, declares the Farm Board, nobody knows where wheat prices are going, or how long they'll be there, and, anyhow, it costs a cent and a half a bushel a month merely to store the accursed stuff. When millions of people are suffering from famine, says Senator Allen, it is not correct to say that abundant production of wheat is intrinsically an evil.

▶▶ POWERFUL agricultural organizations, following the same line of thought, shout for the export debenture plan, the equalization fee scheme, or any method of getting the surplus out of the country. But these schemes won't work, says Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, because of the high tariff rates abroad; Germany and France have stiff duties on wheat and England is working to promote trade within the British Empire. They won't work, says Chairman Legge, because every important nation has enacted anti-dumping laws. As for Senator Caraway, he scents a plot. The board's real purpose, he finds, is to clear the field so that exports of industrial commodities can be sold abroad.

Could there be a better illustration of how politics addles the minds of otherwise practical men? Could the wit of man devise a finer exposé of the complete nonsense gravely embodied in political platforms and majestically promised by presidential and congressional candidates? In particular, does any one need a more dramatic bursting of the solemn Hoover bubble so piously blown up in the famous prosperity speeches? Will any one now doubt that Moran and Mack, blackface forerunners of Amos 'n' Andy, really planned the whole Hoover farm stabilization program so that dignified politicians might now say, "We foun' dat out"?

Buy up the surplus wheat? Why not all the surplus automobiles, pins, straw hats and vacuum cleaners? Peg the price of wheat? Why not peg the price of General Motors, Indian Refining and Goldman Sachs? Reduce production when production is a quarter too large? Certainly not—not if you live in a wheat state. Instead, let the Government keep buying the surplus and sell it abroad. If nobody abroad wants it or can buy it, dump it alongside the rum-running fleet. But keep up prices, anyway.

▶▶ MAKE no mistake. Chairman Legge is telling the belated truth when he says that the farmer's problem is economic, not political. The G.O.P. politicians do not like it. The farmers do not like it. Mr. Hoover can find no way of escaping its implications. The Democrats are making political capital of it. But it is the truth which should have been told by both sides when Alfred E. Smith and Herbert Hoover were contesting for the Presidency. Wheat is a world-wide commodity. This country consumes three-quarters of its own crop. Where is any one to sell the remainder when wheat crops in the rest of the world are good? Who needs any government board to sell the surplus when crops outside this country are bad? These questions answer themselves. If the Government continues in the wheat business and takes all the surplus crops year after year, what will happen? Barring successive crop failures elsewhere, the Government will go bankrupt. The whole scheme is bad socialism on a vast scale.

▶▶ EXCEPT as a political gamble, the action of the Farm Board in buying sixty million dollars' worth of wheat at more than a dollar a bushel is incomprehensible. For this action, Mr. Legge and his associates stand accused either of stupidity or of political chicanery. Possibly they hoped against hope that such a purchase might temporarily stabilize prices so that the worthlessness of their plan might never be found out. If they had been executives of a business and had proceeded on any such flimsy hope, they would now be fired. They had sufficient information to know that they would not succeed. If they didn't have this information, everybody else in the grain business did. Only as a political gamble is their action understandable. The Hoover Administration had passed a tariff helping everybody but the farmer. It had promised the farmer help through the Farm Board. A gesture of some kind had to be made. It cost sixty million dollars, part of which may eventually be recovered.

▶▶ Now Mr. Legge tells the truth and tells it vigorously, honestly and well. The Farm Board can only help the farmer to help himself. The attempt to fix prices, allowed by Mr. Hoover, in contradiction of his own stated beliefs in 1928, is not to be continued. Prices will have to adjust themselves along economic lines. Meanwhile, with the support of many far-seeing westerners and farm organizations, the Farm Board will continue its efforts to educate, pull together and organize into an efficient economic whole both the marketing units and the producing units of the wheat business. Of these, the producers just now present by far the most pressing problem. Acreage must be reduced. A solution must be found for the use of the land thus released in states where other crops can be profitably grown. Measures must be devised so that confusion will not be introduced into lines now doing well. This is a tremendous job and a long pull job. To do it, Mr. Legge and his associates will need the support of all intelligent Americans. If they continue on their present course of truth telling, and play no more costly politics, they will get it. For regulated production of wheat provides the only visible solution of the problem.

The Editors

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A Citizen Looks at Politics

By MAYNARD D. FOLLIN

A "LEAGUE for Independent Political Action" has recently come into being, fathered by Mr. John Dewey and other men of substance and integrity. It solicits members on the ground that, in the old parties, "there is no real conflict of ideas," and that "differences do not really exist." This is a rather clever appeal to a widespread impression, and likely to secure them some support.

The ordinary citizen, busy with his own baking, pays little attention to politics, even on Election Day. He does not suspect the host of influences reaching out for him at this time. If he sensed the horde of organizations already on the job at Washington and elsewhere, each seeking to direct legislation into its own channels, and for its own benefit, he would be loath to add to the number. Needless to say, each, like Mr. Dewey's, marches bravely under the banner of "reform;" each is, I imagine, "a noble experiment." More than this, each is, I am sure, costing the people a great deal of money. This cost is, in part, in contributions from its members; though we need not worry about that; but the bad legislation this activity succeeds in getting on the statute books is a source of serious loss and annoyance to the public. This result is accomplished through false and preposterous claims as to the number of people in the organization earnestly supporting the efforts of the executive secretary, their putative mouthpiece.

To name but a few of the more active ones we find "covering" legislation in Washington and elsewhere, leads us to reflect rather soberly on the enormous amount of almost wicked legislation that has been put on the books during the past few years through their mischievous activities. In many cases this legislation they clamored for so lustily has served to hinder, rather than help, the very causes they were supposed to support and further.

Consider the Federation of Labor, the Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Council of Churches, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Tariff League, the Methodist Board, the Navy League, the Moderation League, and say whether what they have accomplished in the way of legislation has been, in the main, for the public good. I doubt an affirmative answer from any thinking person, not a member of one of them; albeit many good people are contributing money and moral support to more than one of these organizations, with but the haziest notion as to their real activities.

IN WHAT way does the new party, proposed by Mr. Dewey, differ from those above mentioned? His circular letter has the familiar ring; it need not be markedly revised to have been sent out by any one of them. The key phrases are all there; as though all these "reforms" emanated from one central bureau; which they may, for all I know to the contrary. We can imagine the Anti-Saloon League, whose activities are at least coming to be viewed with the cold eye of deserved suspicion, saying that they seek "to assist in developing a powerful political movement committed to the principle of increasing social control of our economic, political and international policies;" no one will doubt that this was their aim; the more "control" they had, the better they liked it. Or, did not the waning Klan promise, even as Mr. Dewey, that "membership will enable you to act as a representative of a national organization in provoking sentiment and stimulating a disciplined political movement in your own community," if not in those very words, at least the spirit was the same? As I remember it, the unlamented Klan was "disciplinary" to a degree; it was their strong point. Would not the Navy League be equally sure "you would welcome the opportunity to ally yourself with a forward looking movement of this kind"? If, in my more callow days, I did not wear their pin under that impression, it was from some higher motive, more gaudily expressed. Can we not hear all these organizations crying lustily, as with one voice, "Are you with us in the labor?"

Burning with high, but what seems to me misguided, hope, Dr. Dewey proposes, in the face of the above list, to add another element of discord to the existing confusion of special interests now busily tinkering with legislation. He wishes, be it admitted with the best intentions in the world, to establish a new group to guide legislators. This group, if it runs true to form and follows accepted group tactics, will first advise, then threaten and harry reluctant legislators in the name of a number of members, who demand this and that.

NOW these "members," whom they claim to represent, have as little to say as to the essential activities of the organization, as any rank outsider; since the policies are in the hands of a small, self-perpetuating body of officers, whom the "members" merely think they elect. Of course, members vote for these officers; nothing raw about the process except that members can "vote" only for officials on the list prepared for them by the Executive Council, or whatever name the steering committee acts under. Also the members pay their dues, and, if they have abundant leisure, read the tracts sent them by the head office.

Even as with the Soviets, legislation today tends to be carried more and more by special groups representing some private gain, instead of by the people at large. Group representation seems to be open to the same objections we have found to obtain against "bloc" control of legislation in the Congress. Each group seeks, naturally, its own advantage, *suum cuique,* over all other groups; making such alliances and concessions as the gaining of its own private ends may constrain it to do. In these activities the interests of the people as a whole are rarely the prime moving force, nor are they allowed to stand in the way of group success.

Yet, beyond this, there is a still more serious objection to group interference. Responsible legislation, that is, laws for which some "party" can be held definitely to account, depends upon "party" control of legislative votes; without this, party responsibility ceases; and for every piece of bad law, thus compassed, the public is the sufferer. Given two rather definite legislative groups, the government and the opposition, this responsibility can be definitely fixed. With half a dozen small groups mixing in, the blame can be shifted and evaded, until no one can tell "who did it."

That legislators may be held strictly accountable for their proper functioning in the public interest seems of such prime importance that only changes looking to this end should be approved. Mr. Dewey's plan, like other interferences, is likely still further to divide a responsibility already badly split.

We are all prone to feel that very de-

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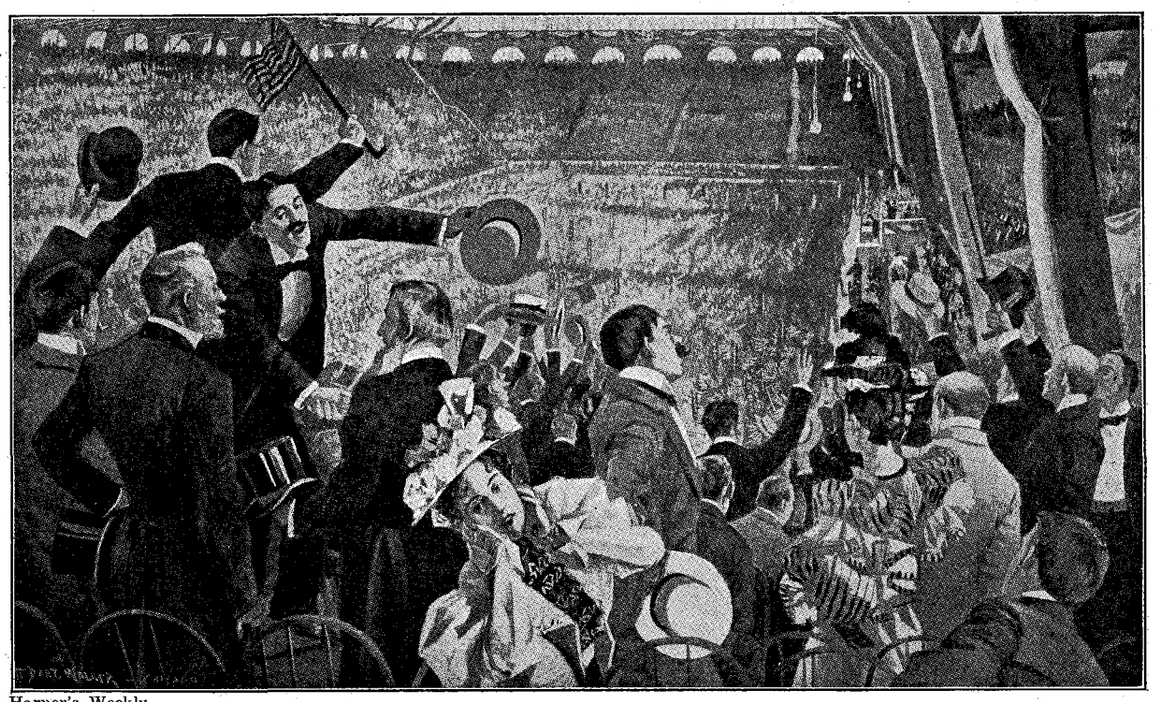

Harper's Weekly

THE HISTORIC DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1896
Senator David B. Hill speaking against the Free Silver heresy

sirable political changes could be compassed, if we were only in a position to direct them. Even Mr. Hoover must have felt this—before his election. Every new party, Mr. Dewey's not excepted, plays upon the pathetic vanity of this all too human trait. "Progressive" is a word to conjure with, politically, because it implies a furtherance of this hope. Only a kill-joy would have the heart to point out how little real benefit we have had from the so-called progressives in the present Congress. True, some of them, as individuals, have served the public well; but, as a legislative group, they have traded and trimmed, notably in the tariff negotiations, whenever either of the major parties, needing their help, was disposed to offer them advantages. Experience teaches that establishing a new party does little beyond adding to the legislative machinery another small group which can do nothing of itself, is responsible to no one in particular, and so is easy for the leaders to traffic with.

I SUBMIT—and regret—that we no longer have a "representative" government, in the sense that it is a government representing the people as a whole, and in which the people can participate with such intelligence as God gave them. Because the people know this, it is difficult to get them to vote at all. To my mind, the important thing is to get the voting power back into the hands of the people, from whom it has been taken; rather than seek to lodge it in the hands of any particular group, however zealous of good works. This means going to the people with a simple, individual issue, more as the British or Canadians do; and by the verdict of the people, for or against the proposal, the party in power stands justified or falls.

The fact that the voting power has been lost to the people, on various pretexts, and through all manner of "reforms," is a calamity; and I am convinced that our political salvation will come only through its restoration to the people, even though they do not always use it wisely. I doubt this change will be brought about by any new party, even one with the sonorous name of "The League for Independent Political Action," and guided by such men as those whose names appear on the letter head, and in whom we may have every confidence. I doubt that any political party will restore this power to the people; though I am sure that, in time, the people will find some clever and peaceful way to take it back into their own hands.

It is interesting to note that in the passing of the voting power from individual to group control, there has been a transition period, still in progress, during which political control, notably in cities, became vested in the newspapers, giving the large city dailies a tremendous prestige. This still persists, not yet being weakened by the growing notion of the man in the street that "you can't believe anything you see in the papers." So long as this man still reads them avidly, craving several editions a day, it is impossible that his views should not be in some measure colored by them.

The control of politics by the press is both shared in and threatened by the Church; more particularly by the evangelical church group, which sees, or imagines, great advantages to itself in the situation, and seeks to dominate it for its own benefit. It is unfortunate that this church group has not studied, and laid to heart, the unfortunate experience of the Roman Church in this field. The latter tried it, and gave it up as a failure, since it hurt the prestige of the Church too much. The Roman Church was not "used" for private crusades to the same extent, nor quite so shamelessly, as the evangelicals; but it was enough to make them see that success did not lie in this direction, and they abandoned it.

I HAVE said that political issues must be put before the people more plainly and simply; this that we may become a free people again. It seems to me that there are only two natural political parties; those who are In and those who are Out: the government and the opposition. The government proposes certain legislation, and the opposition may think it wise and accept it, or it may consider it unwise and object. If the breach is serious, the matter must be referred to the people for their verdict. No involved "platforms," no multiplied issues of Republican, Democrat, Socialist, or "Leagues," serving to confuse and complicate what should be simple. Each party has its say to the voter, giving out,

(Please Turn to Page 556)

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▶▶ High Wages and Low Prices ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

WITH prices down to the 1916 level, while wages remain very near their war-time peak, it is not surprising that there should be occasional predictions of wage deflation with a decline corresponding to what has occurred in the prices of stocks and commodities. Those who prophesy lower wage-scales point out that wages always lag behind prices, whether the movement is upward or downward, and that after the recent recession in the market value of commodities a readjustment of wages appears to be clearly in order.

There are many reasons why prices have been sagging. We are getting farther away from war conditions; the general resumption of the gold standard is having its effect; credit has become cheaper all over the world, thereby reducing the cost of doing business; the war-torn countries are regaining their former pace in production; new inventions and more efficient organization are bringing down operating expenses.

In consequence, surpluses have been accumulating; markets for many basic commodities have become glutted, and prices have come down. And now the question is, will wages follow prices? On this point there are wide divergences of opinion. There is one group who in default of a better name might be called the hard-boiled school, and who insist that wage deflation is the inevitable accompaniment of price deflation. Wage-cuts, in their opinion, are a necessary step in the process of readjustment through which the country is now passing, and normal business activity will not be restored until they are effected.

The extremists in this group even go so far as to say that high wages are the direct cause of the recent stagnation in trade and industry. To many people such ideas are utterly heterodox, running counter to the recently popular view that high wages, by increasing the purchasing power of the worker, are the foundation stone of the country's prosperity. The claim that prices are falling because wages are too high seems at first sight paradoxical, but when the proponents of this doctrine have explained it at length it appears less illogical than it seemed to be at first. The more that wages advance, they say, the more are employers driven to substitute capital goods for labor. The result is quantity production and lower costs per unit. But as labor is displaced in this process of making goods cheaper its power to buy the larger output is curtailed, even though the newer goods may be sold at a lower price. Hence surpluses and still further declines in prices, and eventually depression.

For a time, we are told, business in this country did not experience this untoward result, for the reason that new industries were springing up and older industries were expanding rapidly and taking up the slack in the labor market due to displacements by machinery. The radio industry provided a demand for some of this displaced labor. The great expansion of the automobile industry and the closely-related development of road-building on an enormous scale supplied further employment for workers who otherwise might have been idle.

Yet there was a limit to this absorbing power of certain new and expanding industries, and this limit, say the high-wage critics, has been reached. In their opinion we have come to the end of a state of artificial prosperity, and there is nothing for us to do now but to take a fresh start, with both wages and prices at a lower level.

ALL this is obviously theoretical. It is true that the advocates of a lower wage-level can cite a few instances of recent wage-cuts, such as have occurred in the copper, textile, clothing and automobile industries. It would not be surprising if a few other examples should soon be added to this list. It is a far cry, however, from a few isolated cases like these during a period of depression to the general deflation of wages to a substantially lower level. The theoretical basis for such a forecast may seem plausible enough, but it must meet certain tests; and when these tests are applied it is found to be far from convincing.

In the first place, the history of previous periods of depression shows no such sequel as the advocates of lower wages forecast for the present one. The very fact that they complain of wages being still near the level of the War years weakens their case; for by this they admit that there was no permanent wage deflation in the depression of 1920-21. The other major depressions of past decades fail to show any instance of a horizontal reduction in wages because of "hard times." There were wage-cuts, to be sure, besides much part-time and unemployment, but these were only temporary interruptions to the advance of the standard of living of American labor.

Again, this call for a wage readjustment corresponding to the recent recession in prices is nothing new in the history of American business. The same call was heard in 1922, the only difference being that it was louder then and more persistent. "Everything has been deflated but wages; it is time for labor to take its medicine with the rest of us," was the theme on which many employers' organizations repeatedly rang the changes.

Even as employers and others were talking in such fashion, business began to pick up briskly. Industrialists soon were bidding against one another for labor and in some cases were offering even better than war-time wages in order to obtain their needed quota of workers. In the sudden spurt of trade and industry all the recent talk of "putting labor back in its place" was forgotten.

Then came the discovery that labor's insistence on high wages, instead of having the cataclysmic effect which so many had predicted, was actually proving a boon to industry by providing a better market for products than the country had ever known before. High wages had the further effect of stimulating greater productive efficiency. For since labor was costly it was not profitable to use it with antiquated tools and machinery. Improved processes and better organization meant lower costs per unit in spite of the higher wages per hour. The result was what is sometimes foolishly called "the miracle" of high wages and falling prices.

High wages, in so far as they represent greater skill on the part of labor, may be regarded as one of the causes of lower prices, but not as a cause of depression, because lower prices, down to the last quarter of 1929, were running hand in hand with rising profits. Furthermore, prices have been declining in all parts of the world. Malayan rubber, Japanese silk and Mexican silver have recently sold at the lowest prices ever recorded. No one would dream of attributing their drastic declines to unduly high wages.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

More Heat—and Some Laughs

WITH business still at the boiling point, there is a bit of cool consolation in the fact that recent developments have brought out some hearty laughs. The best one came from New York, where Standard Oil, (N. Y.), and Vacuum continued their merger arguments before Special Master Williams. Others originated in Youngstown, where Eugene G. Grace of Bethlehem, after much wriggling, was finally pushed into a corner and compelled to let the bonus cat out of the bag.

The New York episode passed along to the government counsel title to the tissue-paper coal shovel won some years ago by the Congressman who earnestly inquired why the passengers on the sinking steamship didn't seek refuge in the vessel's airtight compartments. Specifically, the counsel asked Harold F. Sheets, a Vacuum director, whether, in the event that the merger went through, the combination would not "try to take over the Royal Dutch-Shell group." The naïveté of this inquiry was too much for the oil executives present, who burst into spasms of laughter at the idea of any petroleum enterprise swallowing the group that dominates the oil business of the world.

Cyrus S. Eaton of Cleveland, chief antagonist of the Bethlehem-Youngstown merger, had a laugh apiece on Bethlehem Steel and the pro-merger faction of Youngstown Sheet and Tube. He finally succeeded in bringing out the fact that President Grace of Bethlehem has received more than $5,000,000 in bonuses during the past five years, and cast doubt on the regularity of the pro-merger vote by producing Nathan A. Kaercher of Youngstown, who testified that the Sheet and Tube management paid him $2,500 to vote his shares for the consolidation. This merger is traveling the Rocky Road to Dublin.

The Scranton Idea

WITH the air and the public prints full of talk about business stabilization, the city of Scranton, Pennsylvania, came to the conclusion that it was time something was done about it. What is more, Scranton proceeded to do it.

The milk in the coconut is a Credit Guaranty Industrial Fund of $1,000,000, set up by 235 subscribers whose subscriptions ranged from $1,000 to $75,000. The fund is managed by two committees—one of seven representing the Chamber of Commerce and one of five representing the Scranton Clearinghouse Association. As the funds are provided by the Scranton banks in proportion to their resources, the Clearinghouse Association has the final word as to how they shall be used.

The funds are loaned by the banks on two lines of collateral. The first consists of the tangible assets of the corporation seeking the loan; the second is the endorsement of the Credit Guaranty Industrial Fund, which guarantees the banks against loss.

This plan will be a lifesaver to industrial enterprises which face changing conditions and have to go through a period of readjustment. Scranton learned its lesson by first-hand experience with the anthracite mines. It realizes the importance of effective management, and the administrators of the Guaranty Fund are in a position to insist that proper methods be used by all enterprises which receive help from the Fund. The Scranton idea promises, and deserves, to succeed.

The Cossacks are Coming

OF COURSE we don't really mean Cossacks, as they are Turks under the skin, but Russians. And "coming" doesn't exactly express the idea, either. As a matter of fact, they are here. With these two corrections, "The Cossacks Are Coming" is not a bad caption as captions go.

What the Russians are planning to do about wheat was so well described in Mr. Mitchell's article in the Outlook of July 16 that further reference to it here is unnecessary. Perhaps those who were unconvinced by that presentation will sit up and show a little interest in subsequent revelations concerning two important commodities—pulpwood and manganese.

All paper pulpwood from Russia will henceforth, under a ruling of the Treasury Department, be denied entry into the United States on the ground that it is a product of convict labor. And if the pleas of the American Manganese Producers' Association, representing a $20,000,000 industry with 3,000 men out of work, are heeded by the Government, an embargo will be placed also on manganese ore, without which not a single ton of steel can be produced.

Russia, paying its laborers $10 a week and its convicts black bread and water, will sell us wheat, lumber, coal, manganese, pulpwood and many other commodities at almost any price in order to pile up dollar credits for the furtherance of the Soviet five-year industrial program. It is certainly a condition as well as a theory that confronts us now.

A Job for Business

Can Business Prevent Unemployment? (Knopf $1.75) represents a pooling, for the general good, of the ideas of Sam A. Lewisohn, vice-president and treasurer of the Miami Copper Company; Ernest G. Draper of The Hills Brothers Company; and John R. Commons and Don D. Lescohier of the University of Wisconsin.

The answer to the question is that business can, but beginnings must be made in spots and the laggards must be brought up from the rear. The limits are narrow, the barriers high, but these yield ultimately to ingenuity on the part of individuals, industries, states and nations, and to the setting up of collateral schemes of stabilizing in credit, taxation, government policy, labor organization and business management.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 26—83.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 26—77.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 12—915,985 cars (increase of 123,844 over preceding week; reduction of 150,429 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended July 19—57.5% of capacity (reduction of ½ of 1% under preceding week and of 37.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 19—2,500,100 barrels (reduction of 30,700 under preceding week and of 393,850 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended July 19—4,083,000 bushels (increase of 3,077,000 over preceding week and of 1,949,000 over same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 24—$9,400,619,000 (reduction of 12.8% under preceding week and of 27.1% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 24—510 (increase of 58 over preceding week and of 110 over same week of 1929).

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Detour to Education

WITH our annual budget for education now well over two billion dollars, with business men back of most of the hiring and firing that goes on around campuses and playgrounds, with everything educational so planned that the young idea, instead of being taught to shoot, is brought into even more deadening conformity with established usages, a study of our general educational status such as George S. Counts' *The American Road to Culture* (John Day $2.50) is as timely as a measles sign hung out just before an impending block party. Timely, for the greatest problem before the American people is how to keep succeeding generations out of the mire of that dumbness that so easily leads to knavishness.

Mr. Counts' study, it must be admitted, reminds more than it informs. It traces, with admirable brevity but with primerish simplicity, every movement or modification known to the last three centuries of American education. And it does this with a lack of passion that is unique for a pedagogical writer. The author does not seem, at first blush, to take sides; he resembles, rather, the college executive who, in presiding over a discordant faculty, saves his soul—and sometimes his face—by remarking at the close of each speech from the floor: "This is all very interesting. Has any one anything to add?" He recites the ills that bear down so heavily on modern education, comes up then with the opinions of those who see virtue in these ills and then remarks: "There is much argument in favor of this, however. . . ." Not a single institution is mentioned by name, and the names of only three persons—Benjamin Franklin, Horace Mann, and Woodrow Wilson—slip in inadvertently and in off-lying connections.

This does not mean, however, that this is a book of straddles. Mr. Counts has a way of slipping in adjectives that argues the cautious and careful thinker. He says that our dropping of German during the World War was "uncritical," and our adoption of Spanish, on the theory that a knowledge of it would enable us to establish better commercial relations with South America, was "groundless."

But if he has the faith to feel that a mere invoice of our educational trials and errors will be enough to arouse the indifferent to activity and chase the radicals back into their holes, he is predestined to the same disappointment that has met every educator who somehow became convinced that the really royal road to learning was by some detour, and who eventually learned, to the enlargement at once of his sorrow and his sagacity, that a detour is merely the roughest distance between two points.

This is a good book; and if it were to be read by the right people it might become an epoch-marking book. But it won't, and that is the pity of it. If it has a signal defect it is its failure to *emphasize* the real troubles with American education. Enormity of problem: Pre-college education, by way of illustration, was relatively simple in 1890, when there were 300,000 pupils engaged in it; today there are 5,000,000. Materialism: It is enough to make the angels whimper to see whole states of well-meaning Americans pointing with pride to their school buildings, where everything is architecturally modern from pent-house down, as though such piles had anything to do with an educational system. There is not much more "system" about American education than there is in getting on and off the subway. Labor-saving devices: Legions of parents, virtually all pupils, and many administrators, feel that if the frigidaire has eliminated the dripping ice-man some "method" should eliminate the drudgery of learning to read. There is no such time-saving aid. Prosperity: It is the business of our schools, colleges, and universities, not to develop the resources of the country, but to educate the people of the country. Our educational institutions are at present largely bargain-offerers. Heroes: Many of our "greatest" men never went to school at all. Their lives, instead of being stressed in our always conservative text-books, might well be touched on lightly, as inimitable examples.

Mr. Counts, in his thoughtful and wary book, had the choice of becoming emphatic about such points as these, or remaining unexcited and judicial. He chose the latter. It was probably just as well.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Red-Headed Cardinals: Drawn by Keith Henderson for "The Purple Land" by W. H. Hudson (Dutton)

Early American Boogie Men!

"THEY were the terror of the great trails—the Natchez Trace, where traders came back from the New Orleans market; the Wilderness Road, where immigrants came in from the East: Hare, and the two mad Harpes, Mason, and Murrell that erratic Napoleon of the outlaws—one by one they rose to power and had their period of dominion over the wilderness country."

The years—pictured so luridly and yet so gustily in *The Outlaw Years* (Macaulay $3.50), Robert Coates' story

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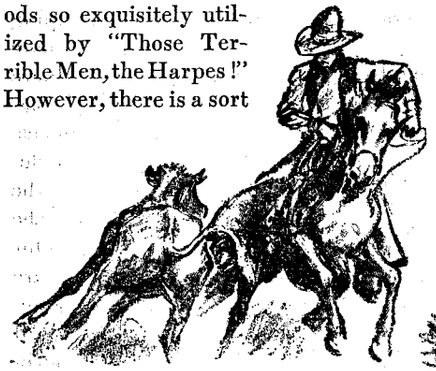
of the river and land pirates who infested the American scene and its great wilderness — are between 1797 and 1835. What an era of terror for those sturdy hearted pioneers who were now and then encountered at various points on the wild forest trail or river by as villainous a crowd of highwaymen as history has ever produced.

It is a faithful account, surely, and makes, paradoxically enough, charming reading. One is inclined, from the material here set down and observation of the contemporary trend in crime, to believe that this country fathers the maddest and most sadistic criminals that the world has ever known. The tales told of Jack the Ripper fade into a pansy-like meekness and reticence when compared to the modes and methods so exquisitely utilized by "Those Terrible Men, the Harpes!" However, there is a sort



of romance, a wandering, epic quality about that pair of brothers and the two dreadful sisters and the minister's daughter, who accompanied them. Their history has the quality of the crude saga, with overtones of diabolically incredible moments. The Harpe group wandered through those primitive forests, always lingering nearby the dim trace of highway that led from Nashville to Natchez, and there committed their atrocities demoniacally without, apparently, the smallest pinch of conscience; in fact, always with a relish for their bloody doings.

It is doubtful if there is in all criminology a more dramatic episode than the pursuit and capture of Big Harpe and the manner whereby he met his death. It is rather magnificent. And how extremely well the author of this history has caught the spirit of the thing—no preaching, no long-winded conjectures, only a straightforward and vital account of the chase, the snaring and the final revenge rendered in the woods. From this story, one may find the reasons why lynchings have been so frequent among the lusty southerners, and the justification, to them, of such drastic measures. The atavistic element may be linked to an episode similar to that of Big Harpe's execution. Shrewdly, and artistically, Mr. Coates does not account for Little Harpe until near the end of the book, when he is finally caught and his actual identity uncovered. A very thrilling moment, you may be certain.

Murrell is the next most interesting of these highwaymen. He laid gargantuan schemes. There was nothing of the piker about him! As he galloped over the highways his brain seethed with mighty purposes of a gigantic undoing of the whole southland, and he organized a network of followers that covered thousands of miles of territory! His was one of the first of the secret societies of early America and the childish pleasure in pass words and high-signs are delightfully revealed by the author. His elusiveness and skill seem somehow wistful when, following his capture, he almost turns the tables on that young man, "Mr. Hues," who so cleverly tracked and betrayed him. It is probable that "Mr. Hues" was one of the first American detectives, though he came powerfully near to sticking his own head into the trap which he had set for his victim. Murrell, as you will learn, escaped death. He was sentenced to the penitentiary where his mind, already so blackened by his belief in his persecution which had driven him to his perversities, finally went to pieces in prison and, after his release, he vanished and his end is still a mystery.

A few of Paul S. Clowes' drawings for "The Last Rustler: The Autobiography of Lee Sage" (Little, Brown)

There were others: Hare and Samuel Mason, but they are not quite the boogaboos that the Harpes were, nor were they equal in scope of ambition and skill to Murrell. Nonetheless, their histories are filled with interest and their crimes not to be scorned as childish.

Throughout the entire book are many compelling descriptions that will long linger in the memory.

The author richly conveys the very essence of the times, the hardihood of spirit, the fearsomeness, the recklessness of those days. The great, winding Mississippi River is almost viewed as one reads the various descriptions, the utter monstrousness of its long, lonely journey to the sea. The pictures of New Orleans and Natchez, with all their gaudiness and bravado, are memorable and masterful and, as one reads, one is certain that the author has depicted them rightly. The settlements appear as simple, rather dignified and with an uncouthness that is compelling. This, too, with reference to the prose. There is much humor in the book: humor with a rustic, naïve flavor heightened with a casual sophistication and witty tolerance, humor entirely free of the irritating effect of condescension.

Fantastic and darkly passionate as the stories all are, they belong to us and our tradition, and they should be read. They form the background for many of our national characteristics. Squeamish readers might shudder at these direful tales, but they form a part of a valuable and weighty evidence of our national being.

It is hoped that this sturdy, fine book will find many readers who will ponder over it when it is finished, when the gusto of perusal is ended. "To Malcolm Cowley who had the idea" and to Robert Coates who has so superbly executed it, we should be grateful.

Ben Wasson.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their niece are the leading characters in a gay and witty story of Paris. Reviewed April 16.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver LaFarge: Houghton, Mifflin. Poetic romance of life and love among the Navajos. Pulitzer prize winner. Reviewed November 6.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Byron, by André Maurois: Appleton. Brilliant biography of the poet who was his own tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Telling It to the Judge, by Thomas Compere. Forum, August.

At one time or another almost all of us have submitted to the indignities of a Traffic Court. Mr. Compere's article is a devastating arraignment of a system which thwarts justice, decency, efficiency, and honesty. "The situation," he concludes, "is absolutely hopeless, and it will remain so as long as the voters permit their magistrates and police judges to be culled by politicians. The inevitable result is that these men are only too willing to play poker with district leaders, using the public's rights as the stakes."

The Government Is Not a Business, by William A. DuPuy. Nation's Business, August.

The much discussed question of whether our government can or should be a "business" continues to be as live a topic as ever. Mr. DuPuy claims that the government must not be judged according to current industrial standards—that much of its invaluable service is indirect, and, of necessity, long delayed. "The Government," he writes, "does not concern itself with profits and losses. If, in private business, a man saves a million or makes a million, he is likely to be rewarded. Not so in the government service. There are elements of weakness and elements of strength in the operation of this vast, noncompetitive, administrative agency. There are doubtless great wastes. There are undoubtedly stupendous profits."

Education for Discontent, by Poppy Cannon. North American Review, August.

Among the evils which follow in the train of mass education and the determination to "cash in" on meaningless college degrees is Discontent. In Denmark there has grown up a system of "folk high schools" which serve rural and agricultural communities. By their simplicity, sincerity of purpose and practical application to farming seasons they have infused a genuine co-operative spirit into "informal" education. "If," writes the author, "our farm youth is being educated away from the farm, and if he as well as his urban brother is being educated away from reality rather than toward it, then, there is room for the kind of education which will enable him to differentiate between satisfaction and clamor, excitement and pleasure, high salary and a full life."

The Week's Reading

ALTHOUGH the effects of the World War will be felt for another hundred years, the grimmer realities of the conflict are over. The troops are all home, arrangements have been made by which debtor nations may pay up, if they feel like it, and ex-German soldiers have been carried up Broadway in a shower of scraps of paper to be kissed on the steps of the City Hall and bemedaled on the White House Lawn. But these are feeble signs of the end of firing in comparison with such a book as *A Brass Hat in No Man's Land* (Cape & Smith $2.50) by Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. This is an *All Quiet on the Western Front,* written, not by a German private, but by a British General, and in the judgment of the present writer it is a better book: more readable, more informative, more divulging. General Crozier lays down the principle that in war the soldier must first be taught that orders are to be obeyed without question; that if told that a white object is black the soldier in the ranks must not merely say that it is black but must believe it. Then the officers themselves must work up a fever of blood-lust—and then go to it. Gore and glory are the objectives, *sauve qui peut,* and devil take the hindmost the slogans in two languages. He has stopped at revealing nothing. He never did hate the Germans and suspected the tales of their atrocities from the beginning. If prisoners were caught, they were first pumped for information and then shot: there was no time to fool with them. Battles were lost because other generals read yellowback novels while the fight was on, women were everywhere and to be had for men's biological needs, whiskey flowed in brooklets, politics were sending incompetents to France to save English names, but out of it all came an immense welter of heroism and noble deeds, done to no purpose unless the World War was fought to end war. The General is the greatest advocate of Peace known to 1930. Civilization is utterly doomed if the thing happens again, he feels. It is a wonderfully good book. But why in the name of the Lord, and the Lords of War, was it not written ten years ago? Frank Crozier is certainly not a coward. If a publisher could not have been found then, there is such a thing as having a book bear the imprimatur of "Privately Printed."

The old-fashioned kind of sentimental rubbish that used to be known as "servant girl literature" has not, as some assert, disappeared from the literary scene. It has merely changed its form to meet modern conditions. An excellent example of it is Ursula Parrott's *Strangers May Kiss* (Cape & Smith $2). This book is merely a new version of the tale of the wicked baronet and the dewy innocent village maiden. At seventeen Lisbeth, Wellesley freshman, falls in love with a married war correspondent. At nineteen she is seduced by him. Every two years or so he comes and spends a few days with her, but obviously doesn't take her very seriously. She, however, is true to him in her heart—though not in other ways—and my God, how she suffers! She suffers all through the book, but there are plenty of bedroom scenes sprinkled among the suffering to keep up the interest, and the sentimentality is so thick you have to scrape it off your fingers before you turn the pages. We predict large sales for this book, which is nothing less than Laura Jean Libbey, The Duchess and Florence Barclay brought up to date.

White Jade by Maude Meagher, (Houghton Mifflin $2) is the story of Yang Kuei-fei, Imperial concubine of the Emperor Ming Huang, and of how, after nearly wrecking the Empire, she hung herself on a pear tree. Also of the necromancer T'ung Yu, and his search through heaven and hell for the spirit of Kuei-fei. It is a fragile, dreamlike fantasy on a Chinese theme, and it succeeds—where attempts of this kind usually fail—in conveying to the Western reader some of the glamour which for Chinese poets has, so the author tells us, always surrounded the half legendary figure of a beautiful wanton.

Some men write by intuition. Goethe did this and succeeded gloriously so long as he confined himself to subjects that can be got at intuitively; when he applied the same principle to physics however he made a Goethean mess of it. Other men are re-writers. They lay the works of predecessors in the field before them and then give their own account. Mary Stuart, Napoleon, and Lincoln lend themselves remarkably well to the writing itch of this second class. Still other men take nothing for granted. The more the subject before them has already been investigated the more carefully they proceed. They study the accumulated bibliography by way of seeing what errors they have to correct. To this third and all-important class belongs *Plato and his Contemporaries* (Dutton $4.00) by G. C. Field, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Bristol. Modern philosophy begins with Descartes; but philosophy begins with Plato (428, or 427-347 [?] B. C.); and it is not a huge exaggeration to say

(Please Turn to Page 550)

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

IT HAS been said that the only victor in the Great War was the Roman Catholic Church. Certainly the waring nations gained little and certainly oo the Greek Church and Protestantism vere much weakened by it. This unfailng ability of Roman Catholicism to vithstand every kind of shock and vicisitude cannot fail to be impressive. As an organization and a doctrine it must oe reckoned with by every man and novement seeking to change the ways of men and a knowledge of it is highly important. During the past few months a number of books have come from the press which are of real help in understanding it. One of them, giving the background of the days in which the Church took its origin is by G. H. Box, Professor in the University of London, and is called *Early Christianity and Its Rivals* (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith). This is a concise yet authoritative treatment of influences which beat upon Christianity in the days when the Church was being fashioned. The part played by Judaism and Hellenism and the conflict of various other Roman faiths with Christianity are outlined and appraised. One cannot understand the Church without having a knowledge of this period and this little book is a first rate way to get it. Another book in the same series deals with that much discussed institution, the Inquisition. It is by G. G. Coulton, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and is called *The Inquisition* (Cape and Smith). Here we have clearly set forth the birth and growth of the idea which blossomed forth in that terrible attempt to bring men into the Kingdom by torture.

With these books as background we can turn with more understanding to our modern era. *The Coming Age and the Catholic Church* (Putnam) is by William Barry, D.D., a well-known figure in the English Catholic Church. Here we have our own times as seen through the eyes of a scholarly Roman Catholic. He discusses the whole period from the time the pope became a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican to the recent agreement with the dictator of Italy. As this book bears the imprimatur of the proper Church officials both in this country and in England we may assume that it correctly gives the Catholic viewpoint. The author rejoices in the present strength of the Church and says, "The Church . . . is at this day incomparably stronger within and without than she has ever been since the year 1520 when Luther challenged Pope Leo X and broke the unity of Western Christendom." He believes that the Great War has opened the eyes of millions to the beauty of the Church, that the new status of Ireland has increased the Church's prestige, that the breakdown of Moslem Turkey will give greater opportunities in the world of Islam, that birth control by decreasing the numbers of Protestants will give the inheritance to Rome and that it is no duty of Catholics to defend capitalism. For these and other reasons Canon Barry is convinced that the future belongs to the Catholic Church. It is a stimulating book and a thoroughly readable one. Protestants especially should read this Catholic reaction to the age in which we live.

Three other books deal with the Catholic Church and specific phases of human life. These are edited by Hilaire Belloc and are in a series called *The Calvert Series* (Macmillan). The first, by George N. Shuster, takes up the much discussed question of the relationship of the Church to literature and is entitled, *The Catholic Church and Current Literature*. Here we have set forth the philosophy of the control over literature which the Church has always assumed to exercise. But there is more than this; there is a rewarding discussion of the place of literature in life and the problems faced by writers. It is to be recommended as a summary and defense of the Catholic position upon this subject. In *The Catholic Church and Art*, the well-known architect, Ralph Adams Cram, states the position of the Church in this field. This is more than an essay upon the strictly Church viewpoint for the author digs down to the roots of the mystery of beauty and seeks to establish the principles upon which true art is founded. He has no use for much that in this modern day passes for art, much of which he regards as a perversion. The search for originality, he says, has ended in " . . . a conscious turning to and searching for, and creation of ugliness in place of beauty." As a significant essay upon art and its laws this book deserves praise but we cannot be so sure that the author proves his case as to the part the Church has played in the development of all that is worth while in this field. However, not a few of us who are not of Mr. Cram's faith will stand with him in his rejection of much that the modern world labels "Art." The third book, and in this same Calvert series, deals with the relationship of the Church to the social and economic questions of our day. It is called, *The Catholic Church and the Destitute*. Its author is John O'Grady. In these days when these issues are our most pressing ones, we welcome this statement of the Catholic position upon them. Laying it down as an axiom that a man has a right to sufficiency and security, the author looks upon the modern industrial development with its unemployment and poverty as a logical development of Protestant teaching and its glorification of the individual. He looks back with wistfulness to the middle ages when the Church could more closely control the lives of men. His natural tendency to blame modern industrial evils upon Protestant teachings will seem to many of us too simple an explanation of an economic development which would probably have come had there been no Reformation. But as a statement of the Catholic position in these matters and especially for his treatment of the inspiring work done by many Catholic charities his book is most informing and helpful. We hope that many non-Catholics will read these books that they may know more accurately what their Catholic neighbors believe and practice.

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The Week's Reading

(Continued from Page 548)

that the quick understanding of Plato begins with G. C. Field. There is a story according to which Antisthenes once said to Plato: "Plato, I see a horse but I do not see horseness." Professor Field has enabled us to see not merely Plato but Platonism. What is the novel and most admirable feature of the book? Plato lived in a highly active and quite unsettled age. The Greeks were applying a definite philosophy when he began to write. He had a veritable host of contemporaries, many of whom, of course, soon became disturbingly jealous of the master. Mr. Field has looked into all these matters, which means that he has looked into Plato's sources. With these tabulated and elucidated, we can begin to read Plato with intelligence. Appreciative interpretation will then follow easily and with uplift. Plato was once asked what he thought of Diogenes. He replied: "A Socrates gone mad." G. C. Field should keep other Platonists from going mad. He has made actual progress in the study of Plato, although "progress" is a word not found in the Greek language. That upsetting thing with its go-getting slant the Greeks did not know.

Behind the Blurbs

As we write this the heat in New York is so terrific that it has blown the top off the office thermometer and even our typewriter is quite soft. The pile of books on our desk has begun to liquefy and run down, and two love stories we had intended to review have completely melted away. But we shall do our duty and fill the space allotted to us burn the sun never so hotly. ☙ ☙ ☙ And first we inform you that the Book of the Month Club bestows its August guerdon upon Will James' *The Lone Cowboy: My Life Story;* that the Literary Guild seals with its official approval Robert M. Coates' *The Outlaw Years;* and that the Book League pins its ribbon on *American Girl*[1], by John Tunis, whose sport articles are well known to Outlook readers. ☙ ☙ ☙ This last book is the story of a nice little girl who became a tennis champion and then she wasn't a nice little girl any more but a money-grabbing victim of international sport. It gives an excellent picture of what goes on behind the scenes of commercialized sport, and leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that the present system is rank with vices that are badly in need of being cleaned up. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Pen Names and Personalities*[2] contains a lot of interesting gossip about past and present day authors who have hidden their identities behind fictitious names. A tremendous amount of research has gone into the book, which lists some 500 authors. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Fishing Boats and Fishing Folk on the East Coast of Scotland*[3] is a long title and one that doesn't sound particularly interesting, but the book is illustrated with a profusion of delightful pen drawings, and contains—particularly in the chapter on religion and superstition—much curious and entertaining material. The detailed descriptions of the various villages are, except for the drawings, only of local interest. ☙ ☙ ☙ To the reader who is jaded with mysteries based on the supernatural, laid in weird unheard-of lands *The French Powder Mystery*[4] comes as a pleasant surprise. The scene of this ingenious and plausible tragedy is laid in a fashionable department store at none other than the well known corner of Fifth Avenue and 39th Street. You and I (for who among us is above sheepishly lingering on the edge of a crowd to glimpse a demonstration) might have been among that very throng watching a colored maid demonstrate a furniture display brought from France. You and I might have screamed with the rest as she pushed a button which released an odd folding bed out of which tumbled the bullet ridden body of a lovely lady, the victim being the second wife of the shop owner. At that very moment in the apartment above is a meeting of the Board of Directors, each of whom becomes involved. Faced with a lack of motive, a wealth of unfounded suspicion and baffling half truths, Inspector Queen and his son Ellery set about to untangle the skein. Discarding the obvious clues Ellery spends a sleepless night working out a novel theory and when in a crevice of an onyx book-end he finds something which shouldn't be in a book-end he has his thumb on the villain. There have been many successors to S. Holmes but never before to our knowledge a son and father combine. Father takes snuff and son wears "well pressed tweeds" and they burst into French quotations at a moment's notice but notwithstanding are a most likable and interesting pair. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *The Case of Robert Robertson*[5] you will want to know who murdered De Gravenhag two times, whether De G. was really murdered and what was the connection between Robert Robertson, that strange bird of prey and master of disguise, and the murdered man. The scene is laid in a tumbledown villa in the midst of a wild garden, and—oh, yes; another question you will ask is, what does the tune of "Marie Rose" badly played on a broken down piano at ten every evening portend? The industrious may ferret it out. ☙ ☙ ☙ Any one knows that if you inherit an ancient English house, queer things will happen to you. If in addition to the house there is a ring of Druid stones surrounding an altar engraved with the Seal of Solomon, the things that happen will be not merely queer, they will be weird and awful. And so when, in *The Coldstone*[6], young Anthony Coldstone comes into such a property, there are strange goings-on almost at once. Why did his grandfather refuse to allow the stones to be tampered with? What was all this talk of a treasure? And why wouldn't any one in the village tell him anything he wanted to know? Who were the burglars whom he encountered in the library? And above all, why did the portrait of his great-great-grandmother move its arm? The answers to these questions, together with a very pleasantly creepy atmosphere and plenty of excitement and suspense, have been well presented by the author in this excellent mystery story. ☙ ☙ ☙ Ten unusual detective stories are included in *The Book of Murder*[7], which we heartily recommend. They are well written, the characterization is excellent, the plots well contrived—but their real claim to distinction lies in the authenticity of the New England atmosphere in which the action of most of them takes place. Gran'ther Noah Seymour, cutting his own tombstone, is only one of a dozen pictures that will stay in your mind long after the plots of the stories are forgotten. ☙ ☙ ☙ The following new titles have appeared in Everyman's Library: Karl Marx's *Capital;* Richard Jefferies' *Bevis;* Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle,* *Minor Poets of the XVIII Century,* Lessing's *Laocoon;* Vol. II of the *Shorter Novels, Jacobean and Restoration;* *The Heimskringla;* Rabelais; *American Short Stories of the XIX Century;* Adam Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz;* and Defoe's *Moll Flanders.* The price of the Everyman books, previously 80 cents, has been raised to 90 cents a volume.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The French Powder Mystery,** by Ellery Queen: Stokes.
Novel: **American Girl,** by John Tunis: Brewer & Warren.
Biography: **The Last Full Measure,** by Honoré W. Morrow: W. W. Morrow.
Miscellaneous: **White Jade,** by Maude Meagher: Houghton, Mifflin.

1. Brewer & Warren, $2.00.
2. By Annie Russell Marble: Appleton, $2.50.
3. By Peter F. Anson: Dent, $3.75.
4. By Ellery Queen: Stokes, $2.00.
5. By Sven Elvestad: Knopf, $2.00.
6. By Patricia Wentworth: Lippincott, $2.00.
7. By Fred Irving Anderson: Dutton, $2.00.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

Back in the Opery House

BELIEVE it or not, a new movie called *Sins of the Children* has just been released, in which the growing children all desert their humble but honest old German father until, on Christmas Eve, the mortgage is foreclosed and the sheriff marches away with the furnishings of the desolate fellow's barber shop. The really big moment, however, is when the old man, whose daughter has been wronged by the big, powerful banker's no-account son, stands up in front of him (the banker) and shouts at him in ringing tones that he and his daughter will have none of his gold—that they have something far, far better than gold—the love and respect of their fellowmen. Suddenly, without the least warning, all the children appear with a Christmas tree, the mortgage is paid, the banker's son marries the datter and they all break out singing "Holy Night," which of course makes *Sins of the Children* just the film for July and August.

Another film of almost the same vintage is the latest version of *Manslaughter* in which beautiful Claudette Colbert, the petted and pampered child of the rich, goes to a penitentiary and spoils her pretty white hands scrubbing floors as punishment for an automobile smashup in which she kills a policeman. The great heart-rending drammar occurs during the trial in which both the district attorney and her defense lawyer are in love with her. The prison she goes to is really a rather jolly place. Frederic March is the young district attorney. *Manslaughter* is trash, but effective trash, and should again have some little success. Movie audiences always love to see the rich suffer—and Claudette Colbert *does* suffer.

"Wild Company"

Here is a movie with a great resounding moral, which will doubtless be offered to the censoring and moralizing forces of this land as the answer to all their prayers for films which teach a good social lesson. The doctrine according to the Fox studios is that all these modern, *laissez-faire* methods of bringing up children are all wrong. In *Wild Company* Mr. H. B. Warner and his wife let their son run about and spend money for cars and liquor and gambling until he finally becomes mixed up in a night club (theme song and dance cue) murder. I suppose it comes from living in the big city where we get cynical and callous, but my feeling was that if any group of wild young people as obnoxious and insufferably second-rate as those in *Wild Company* ever lived, the electric chair would be much too good for them. I have never met such horrible brats and I'm sure you never have. They're manufactured especially for the Hollywood trade.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: After a second visit this now appears as not only the greatest war picture but one of the most important films ever made.
Anybody's War: Moran and Mack and a little white dog go to war, furnishing some very pleasant comedy.
The Big House: Life in a penitentiary including a jail break with machine guns and tanks. Melodrama, if not realism.
For the Defense: William Powell smooth as silk, as a talkative lawyer who specializes in defending criminals. The story is shoddy.
Holiday: The lovely Ann Harding in a grown-up and intelligent comedy by Philip Barry.
Journey's End: The war as encountered by a group of well-bred British officers.

Not So Good

The Dawn Patrol: Richard Barthelmess in a sentimental imitation of both **All Quiet** and **Journey's End.** The aerial photography may make it worth a visit.

The Illustration

The "still" picture on this week's movie page discloses Gavin Gordon whispering words of love to Greta Garbo in the making of that lady's latest film, *Romance.* Mr. Brown has climbed to a stool to get a good look while his assistant has climbed on a chair to get a better look. The bulky apparatus on the tripod is of course a sound-proofed camera, while the microphone hangs just to the right of the lovers' heads. The small slate on the floor is held up before the camera before each scene to identify the film when it is developed. From this we gather that this is scene No. 136, that it is being made during the "nite" shift, and that this is the fifth time they have gone through this bit of business.

"The Sap from Syracuse"

The moon-faced Jack Oakie's latest gives that charming clown a chance to run through his usual extravagant nonsense—most of the time with great success. Towards the end, however, I had a feeling that his stupidity—his monumental idiocy—was no longer funny but extremely trying. This time Mr. Oakie is a steam-shovel operator with a Napoleon complex who inherits fifteen thousand dollars and goes to Europe to show the people over there a thing or two. On the way he runs into a gang of crooks and pretty little Ginger Rogers who is about to be robbed of a million dollar mine by the said crooks. *The Sap from Syracuse* (which had a brief life on the stage last season) is often amusing and you can put it down as a better-than-average movie.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ALONE AT LAST
Director Clarence Brown making one of those airplane views of Greta Garbo's latest intimate moment

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In This Issue

HENRY ALAN JOHNSTON is a lawyer by profession and a resident of New York. He is also a member of the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers, Inc. and is the author of an address made on behalf of that committee before the House Judiciary Committee calling for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

DUNCAN AIKMAN is the Los Angeles correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. Mr. Aikman contributes frequently to the Outlook and Independent and is the author of *The Home Town Mind* and *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats*.

JOHN BAKELESS is a former editor of the *Forum* and a specialist in foreign affairs. He is also the author of *The Economic Causes of Modern War* and *The Origin of the Next War*. His latest contribution to the Outlook and Independent was "Literary Promoter: a Portrait of William Lyon Phelps."

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN was for many years associated with the late Governor Pingree of Michigan. Formerly Commissioner of the Detroit Public Library, Mr. Follin is at present engaged in the Consular Service at Detroit. He is also a member of numerous scientific societies and contributes frequently to scientific periodicals.

Next Week

Los Angeles! There She Blows, by Louis Adamic.

Ten years ago, Los Angeles was the tenth city in the United States. Today, with a population of well over a million, it is fifth. If the boosters and business men have their wish, it may well be the biggest city in the world by the time of the next census. With the famous Climate serving as a magnet to attract the citizens of the Middle West, not even the problem of water supply or the possibility of an earthquake is allowed to hinder progress. Los Angeles! There she blows.

Tom-Tom Heflin, by Clarence E. Cason.

As punishment for his mad attack on Al Smith in 1928 which very nearly succeeded in carrying Alabama for Hoover, Senator Tom Heflin has been barred from the Democratic primary by the state executive committee. Far from accepting this chastisement, Cotton Tom has taken up the challenge with a vengeance. Campaigning on an independent ticket as leader of the Jeffersonian (sic) party, his floridly dressed figure and his even more florid speeches are familiar to Alabamans. Believe it or not, he is still telling the voters that the Pope and the Catholic Church and Tammany Hall are plotting to injure the sovereign state of Alabama. He may be re-elected.

Booze in Texas, by Edward Angly.

Prior to prohibition the town of Palestine, Texas, was the only legally wet area in the eastern portion of the state. As such, with the exception of the use of wine at meals, drinking was considered not quite proper. Men who drank immoderately, the author declares, "were sure to be talked about. As for the women, no one ever heard of them drinking." Times, alas, have changed. Under prohibition Palestine has become wet. Small dinner parties are brightened by home-made wines. Bootleggers thrive. The distilling of "corn" is common and pocket flasks are ubiquitous. "I cannot honestly see," Mr. Angly quotes a Palestine business man, "where prohibition has made any of my customers happier or wealthier."

Middletown at Summer School, by Edgar W. Knight.

"Critics often charge," the author declares, "that the summer session is not only sterilizing and discrediting the profession of teaching, but also ballyhooing scholarship into backwardness." Dr. Knight does not believe this charge is true. Taking Columbia as an example, he finds the cultural achievement of the summer school at a very creditable level. Coming from every state in the country, and undistracted by the extra-curricular activities of the regular session, the students devote themselves to honest academic accomplishment. In so far as the summer school assists these students, its influence, Dr. Knight maintains, is highly civilizing.

Albert Coates

By PITTS SANBORN

TWENTY years or so ago a man of striking individuality presided for several years over the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society. He was a stalwart, bearded Russian, glorying in the name of Vassily Ilyitch Safonoff. But what is remembered chiefly about this Son of the Bear is the fact that he conducted without a baton. He had ten fingers, he used to say, and ten batons were ten times better than one. Albert Coates, though not precisely a Russian, was born in St. Petersburg and whether with Safonoff in mind or not he too has taken to batonless conducting.

When he first visited America as guest of the Symphony Society, now merged with the Philharmonic, his baton during a Carnegie Hall concert once flew out of his hand. Perhaps that incident, rather than the example of Safonoff, gave him his clue. At any rate, he now prefers ten batons God-made to one man-made. He is our batonless conductor of today. In fact, sometimes, conducting, he doesn't conduct at all. Last summer, in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York, during a performance of the scherzo from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* he faced his orchestral men motionless, his hands at his side, save when he lifted one to mop a perspiring brow, treating his dazzled audience to the spectacle of a Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra gone conductorless.

Wide World

ALBERT COATES

Albert Coates was literally nurtured in music. As a boy he played the violin, the piano, the 'cello, the organ. Although his English parents then regarded his music only as a social accomplishment, they allowed him to go to the St. Petersburg Conservatory where he studied with Rimsky-Korsakoff. But before that, when he was only six, he had an amusing encounter at a children's party. Young Albert had hidden himself in a small room where there was a piano. He was improvising on it to his heart's content when the door opened and a middle-aged gentleman came in. Coates has told the rest of the story himself.

" 'What are you playing, little boy?' he asked me. 'I'm making it up,' I said; whereupon the strange gentleman crossed the room, sat down beside me, and encouraged me to continue. I did so, while he very attentively listened. The variations over, he took me on his knee and advised me to study music seriously.

" 'You are a very lucky boy,' he continued; 'when I was a child I was always longing to play, but my health was so feeble that I was not allowed to exert myself in any way.' Then he went out from the room, bowing to my mother, who at that moment had chanced to come in. I asked her who it was. 'Why,' she said, 'that is the great composer, Tschaikowsky.' I often think this chance meeting must have had a considerable influence on my life."

Long before Coates had Rimsky-Korsakoff as a teacher, he had been taken as a special treat to a concert directed by the composer of *Scheherazade* and *Sadko*. "I was much too young then," Coates tells us, "to realize his genius, and I remember being most irreverently amused by his personality. Rimsky-Korsakoff was very tall, very spare, and had a long, pointed beard. But what most aroused my risibility were three pairs of spectacles, perched one above the other on his nose! To my childish imagination he seemed like an old wizard poring over a dusty volume of magic."

When Coates was fourteen his parents sent him to England for schooling in their native country, and at Liverpool he studied under Sir Oliver Lodge with the idea of becoming an electrical chemist. But when four years later he returned to St. Petersburg he had decided that music should be his career. In 1901 he went to Leipzig to study the piano with Teresa Carreño, as well as the 'cello and composition. Three years later he joined Nikisch's conducting class at the Leipzig Conservatory, and thus his career was finally determined.

"The baton seems insufficient for your

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feeling, Coates," Nikisch remarked to him. "You had better take a whip."

Nevertheless, it was Nikisch who persuaded him to give up the piano for the baton, which he has now discarded though still conducting. Upon becoming director of the Leipzig Opera, Nikisch appointed Coates a junior conductor. Subsequently Coates conducted opera at Elberfeld, Mannheim, Dresden, and the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg. In 1914 he conducted for the first time in London, at Covent Garden. On his return to Russia the following summer he was named artistic director of the Imperial Opera, in addition to his post as conductor. And he remained in Russia through all the vicissitudes of war and revolution. It was after a serious illness in 1919 that he returned to England, where Sir Thomas Beecham engaged him as conductor and co-artistic director for his season of opera at Covent Garden. That year he also conducted the London Symphony and some of the concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

His first visit to New York occurred in 1921 as a guest conductor of the Symphony Society. Since then he has acted as conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, the New York Stadium Concerts, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Augusteo concerts in Rome, and operatic performances at La Scala, Milan; the Teatro Verdi, Trieste; the San Carlo, Naples; and in Paris, Rotterdam, Vienna, Stockholm, Barcelona, Berlin, and Munich. In this country he is as well known on the Pacific Coast as he is in New York.

Despite all these assorted labors he has found time for holidays, accompanied by his wife (who is also his librettist) and their daughter, at his villa on Lake Maggiore, in whose hospitable waters he has been photographed swimming in merry emulation with his friend, George Bernard Shaw.

Nor does the foregoing by any means exhaust the story of Albert Coates as musician. Recently he has devoted much of his enormous energy to composing. His opera, *Samuel Pepys*, was produced last December in Munich; he has introduced his *Pickwick* scherzo for orchestra at the City College Stadium, and at the present writing it seems probable that his new *Lancelot* symphony will have its first performance at the Stadium during his three weeks there this summer.

In the autumn he plans to go to Russia, where the Soviet Government has offered him the directorship of the Moscow Opera at an enormous salary.

With so much to his credit, the big, dynamic, and demonstrative Mr. Coates is still shy of his fiftieth year.

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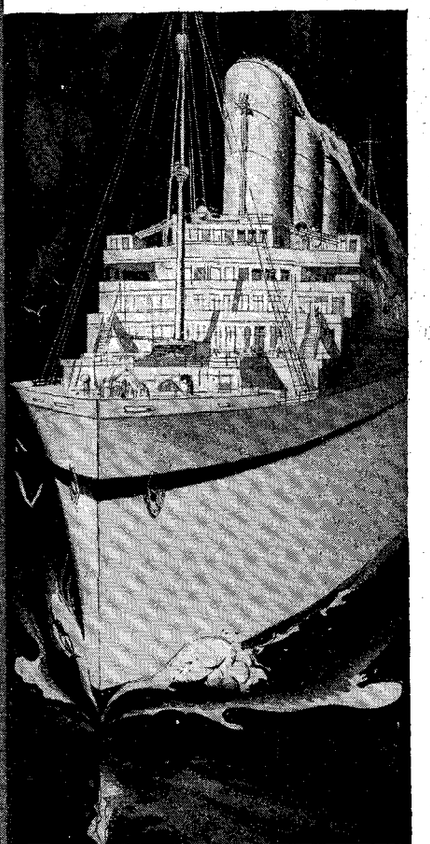

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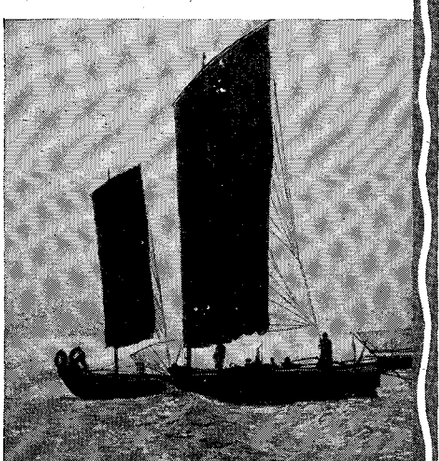

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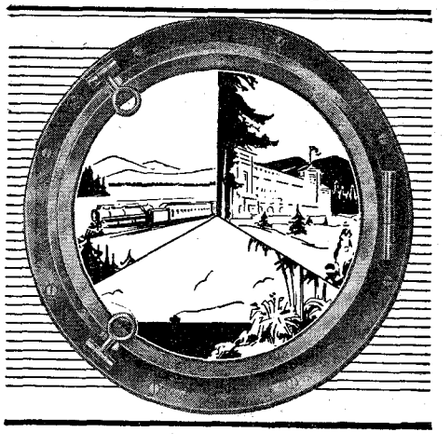

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Independent

WHEN she first saw the great town she might have been shaken for a moment; it was enormous! The rivers and rivers, over which people skimmed—in which they could be drowned; the buildings that leapt toward the sky like transfixed fountains; the tunnels that sighed and twisted like dark lightning under the earth; all these might have overwhelmed her for a moment. She was little and young and alone. But she soon got hold of herself. She was here to earn her living, she told herself, and that was a reminder that always steadied her and gave her to herself again.

But at night, she went fearfully to the narrow window and looked down. Black beetles with gleaming eyes scurried back and forth along the floor of the gully; away from them, toward the walls of the great crevice, went the milling and swarming of a thousand ants. And here, perched high, the tiny room behind her, where she had found a bed to sleep on, was an unseen ledge on the face of a sheer mountain. She held dizzily to the window sill, closing her eyes and turning her head, and struggled to look up. High and high above her head the roofs were slit and she could see the stars, pushed back so far they had become remote and reeling. She had become only a speck of terror, and she stepped back suddenly into the smallness of her room. She had known this feeling before, she told herself. When she was a child; when she had first realized that she had no parents; when she had learned that a girl—that anybody—must earn the right to live. Earn her living.

Her first job was a modest one, but she learned fast how to be useful. In a few months she was useful to more people than she could count, for she was employed by the Telephone Co. Later, she left the Telephone Co. to become a clerk and to look after the interests of more countless people in the enormous town. She had become a part of the huge machinery.

But she could do more than this, she reflected soberly. She could earn her living and at the same time learn how to do it better, to be more independent; so that as she grew older she would not become a burden to other people. And so she went to the University and undertook a secretarial course.

But by the time she was nineteen and had finished her secretarial course, she fell sick and had to stop being a clerk She had become a sick person, out o work, dependent on her friend.

Together, she and her friend, who wa a trained nurse, had made a scrap of home for themselves in a large hous full of small apartments. Slowly, sh struggled in this place back to health

But a month passed, and still she ha moments of weakness, and no work ha been found. She was alone one night lying awake in the dark. She had for gotten her tonic. She would do best to take the tonic and go back to bed.

With the bottle in her hand, she stared. She had swallowed it. What was it she had swallowed? The same color, the same bottle . . . . no . . . . no! She bent her head and read the label.

A liniment. Well, liniments were harmless. Harmless . . . . when she felt like this? If she could ask some one, a doctor . . . . She moved slowly to the telephone and pressed the hook to call the desk downstairs. She hated to disturb the doctor but there was no one else. And if she should be sick again. . . . She pressed the hook—up and down—up and down—And listened. No one answered. There was no one at the desk—no way to call a number except through the desk. She walked over to a chair and sat down upon it.

Nonsense! she told herself, catching her breath in pain. Don't be foolish, she whispered to herself. Hadn't she always looked after herself without troubling other people? She was still able to think . . . . she must think . . . . She reached her hand out to the table. A pencil. She found paper, and began to write . . . . to explain.

". . . . And if it does make me ill, you will know what to give me when you get home without my telling you the whole story . . . . not alarmed . . . . but tried to call a doctor and ask what to do . . . . no one downstairs. And I would not call any one here at this hour unless I was sure there was a reason."

The pain was worse. Worse. Above and below her were countless people sleeping in their beds. She must not trouble them.

But there came a moment when a strange country must have yawned before her, when an abyss opened at her feet and the stars turned formidable. For in the early morning she called out loud, and fell unconscious near a stranger's door.

By the time they reached her, she had gone on into her new independence.

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▶▶ The Tennis "Racket" ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

AMATEURS must eat and tennis stadiums must be paid for. This somewhat cynical statement perhaps explains the amusing "on again, off again, gone again Finnegan" capers cut by the respective litigants in the celebrated case of the U.S.L.T.A. versus William Tilden II.

Special Davis Cup team rules must be waived, loopholes in the amateur code must be found, when gate receipts are imperiled. Amateur tennis has become a show business. Surely the elastic player-writer provision may be stretched a bit to insure the presence of the supreme showman. Keep the turnstiles clicking!

Who will pay the mortgage on the old homestead at Forest Hills? "I will!" one can imagine the great-hearted Tilden replying, "I will, with my little racket —but despite my better judgment, you understand."

Thus the annual Davis Cup comedy was reenacted at Auteuil last week—a comedy that has lost its satirical flavor and degenerated into slapstick farce. Once more the U.S.L.T.A. has eaten humble pie in public—has been manœuvred into the comical if humiliating position of begging Tilden on bended knee to save the show.

French tennis officials, ingenuously frank in recognizing the paramount claims of the box office, supported Tilden's lead with their customary enthusiasm. Your Frenchman makes no bones about tennis being a business. The French sporting public is attracted by personalities rather than by the game itself. Gallic promoters keep a finger on the turnstile pulse. After the dull showing of the young Americans against Italy, near panic reigned in the Roland Garros ticket booths. No Tilden, no profits. Que voulez-vous?

Broad hints to Davis Cup Captain Fitz-Eugene Dixon sufficed this time, though the affair had been less easily managed two years ago. Then it was necessary for Pierre Gillou and his confreres to petition Myron Herrick for ambassadorial aid. The U.S.L.T.A., determined, however reluctantly, to enforce the player-writer rule, bowed to diplomatic pressure. Tilden, the reporter of Wimbledon, played at Paris.

Let's go back a bit. Six years ago the U.S.L.T.A. suddenly discovered that William Tilden was making a good living out of amateur tennis via syndicated newspaper articles. Other players had cashed in on their reputations in a minor way before Tilden appeared, but it remained for Big Bill to demonstrate that the pen could be at least as mighty as the racket.

The amateur code of tennis, in its unrevised form, prohibited a player from profiting directly of indirectly from the game, but its wording was loose as ashes and susceptible of liberal interpretations. Tilden argued that he had been a writer before he gained prominence as a tennis player.

"Is a journalist ipso facto blacklisted as an amateur?" Tilden demanded with what might be construed as righteous indignation. "Am I to be discriminated against because of my off-the-court profession?"

Julian Myrick, then president of the U.S.L.T.A. had a sneaking suspicion that Tilden wasn't selling his articles because of any pronounced literary talent, but the Tennis Association needed Big Bill as much as he needed its official sanction.

So, on February 7, 1925, a compromise was effected. A committee of seven, including three non-partisan sportsmen —George Wharton Pepper, Devereux Milburn and Grantland Rice—revised the amateur code with special reference to the player-writer controversy.

The amended code provided that while a player might write analytical criticisms of a tournament in which he participated, he could not act as a daily reporter directly covering current matches. He was privileged to report from the field if he remained out of a specific meeting.

Here was latitude with a vengeance —a palpable compromise catering to Tilden—and William the Conqueror showed his appreciation by taking a solemn pledge to abide by the revamped code. Alas for good intentions, he fell off the rule wagon at Wimbledon in 1928, ceasing to be an amateur for six months—Davis Cup week alone excepted.

A contract with a New York news syndicate, said to have entailed a $3,000 advance payment, caused Tilden to renounce a place on the 1930 Davis Cup Team. The U.S.L.T.A. seemed acquiescent, feeling that this popular idol had shot his bolt, but Tilden's comeback at Wimbledon changed the complexion of things and led to overtures for his services.

A master at creating suspense, Tilden dragged out the negotiations for all that the publicity would bear. Finally he allowed himself "to be persuaded." Some public spirited tennis patron, acting incognito, is rumored to have partially reimbursed the syndicate for losses sustained through Tilden's inability to report the Davis matches from "the ringside." Neither Tilden nor the syndicate will suffer much financially, since he is permitted to write reflective comment on the final cup tie.

Inasmuch as Henri Cochet, owner of a thriving sports goods store in Lyons, is an out-and-out professional according to the American definition of amateurism, I cannot get excited over the decision that allowed Tilden a special dispensation from the 1930 ruling prohibiting U. S. Davis Cup team members from writing for the papers.

International matches should be contested on a basis of equality. If it is fair for France to play a man who profits directly from the sale of tennis implements it is certainly fair for us to name a contestant who earns his keep indirectly from "the game he loves" by writing about it. The situation cries aloud for a uniform international code of amateurism covering all phases of sport.

If, as one New York critic said, "American Tennis amateurism has been crucified on a cross of gold," that unethical condition did not accrue from the farcical player-writer rule. The latter is merely a symptom of a long-standing tennis malady—a progressive weakening of idealism sponsored by violation of the traveling expense provision. There must be something rotten nearer home than Denmark when youngsters lacking visible means of support can, in some strange way, spend the year barnstorming.

Not until the U.S.L.T.A. has the courage to pass a clean cut, hard and fast player-writer rule—either blacklisting all writing for papers and magazines of whatever nature, or else legalizing every sort of reporting—will press and public give this rule the moral support which any law must receive to be effective.

This amateur-on-Monday, professional-on-Tuesday stuff merits the popular ridicule heaped upon it. In the last analysis, amateurism is a state of mind. As long as gate receipts dominate the tennis situation, the entertainer will continue to be worthy of his hire and Tilden will be "cheap at $18 per day." If this sounds cynical remember the amateur's report to the promoter who asked him why he didn't turn professional—"why, my dear fellow, I can't afford to."

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A Citizen Looks at Politics

(Continued from Page 543)

in plain terms, why it advocates, or opposes, the proposed action; each accepting full responsibility for its position in the matter: and the voter decides for himself. But, however the decision may lie, somebody has definitely assumed the responsibility; we know just whom to blame, if we don't like it.

Go to the voter and say, "The government proposes to do thus and so; do you approve, or not?" "Let your conversation be, Yea, yea; nay, nay, and whatsoever is more than this is evil." Is it not illuminating that the Greek word *politeuo,* which we thus translate "conversation," really signifies "to act as a citizen"?

One more point in this connection seems important. Our statute books, both federal and local, are cluttered with "laws," which were enacted years ago to meet special conditions then existing. They are of no present value, being now merely nuisances and embarrassments in that they often force judge and jury to do some silly thing, in the way of a decision. Much legal mischief is made by dead hands reaching from the grave to strangle the living. Our conditions change so rapidly that one can hardly legislate for tomorrow, let alone for many years to come.

I believe that all enactments should carry a clause, definitely terminating them in twenty years, at most. Any necessary ones can easily be re-enacted; while those which were begotten of conditions long past and gone will pass automatically into a well earned rest.

Laureate of the Obvious

(Continued from Page 529)

hood, even if it does not bear comparison with the juvenile lyrics of Chatterton.

But Edgar A. Guest revamped it relentlessly into his own tom-tom beat. He advised the child to write:

If I were a singer
I'd sing a bonny song,
And all who stopped to hear
Would happy be, day-long!

A jingle as monotonous and mechanical as the rattle of a Ford car.

But Mr. Guest is popular, not in spite of the machine-made quality of his verse but because of it. He is also popular because he re-enforces the prejudices and "beliefs" of the average man. His subjects are the conventional sentimentalities—he must have written at least a dozen "poems" on mother love—and the wish-fulfilments, defense-mechanisms, baseless optimisms, and successmotifs which constitute nine-tenths of the after-dinner oratory of North America.

The "mother" poems are the worst. One of this year's crop concludes:

Though broken promises destroyed
The faith of others all,
With help she ran unto the man
Whene'er she heard him call.

Friends oft divide and pride forgets
The ones it climbs above,
But there's no sin man wallows in
Can change a mother's love.

Bad as this is, Mr. Guest reached the ultimate in one called, *Weaning the Baby,* which reaches its climax thus:

No more upon her gentle breast
That little face may lie,
No more that little nose be pressed
Against her food supply.

When one considers the nature of the subject, the banality of the verse seems debasing as only shoddy art can be. Yet the offense to good taste in much of Mr. Guest's writing is not the head and front of his offending. For twenty years he has unconsciously been drumming into the average heads of average American voters the most dangerous belief that a great nation can entertain: Its own flawlessness. Smug self-satisfaction is more fatal to democracy than any number of amateur Machiavellis in Moscow.

It is comforting to add that not all criticism has been so sugary as that of the clerics whom I have quoted. Occasionally, Mr. Guest gets precisely what is coming to him. Benjamin de Cassères, writing in the *American Mercury,* once summed him up as "the Cerberus that guards us against the great Blond Beast, against the sex-prickings of jazz, against the Seven Deadly Pleasures, . . the upsprung backbone of middle-class morality."

But such are the views of the literati, and as every honest yokel* knows, the literati are no better than they should be. They did not prevent the Michigan Legislature, in 1925, from passing a bill providing for a poet laureate—who as every one knew, was destined to be Edgar A. Guest. That inconsiderable fellow, Robert Frost, was Fellow in Letters at the University of Michigan at the time, but as his poems don't even rhyme, the Legislature did not consider him.

On the second day of March, in that memorable year, the Hon. Chester M. Howell, of Saginaw, introduced "a bill to provide for the appointment of a poet laureate of the State of Michigan." It was considered in Committee of the Whole—along with a bill "to fix the weight per bushel of certain vegetables," and another enactment "to provide that the term 'live stock' shall include poultry."

After one failure, the bill passed the House by 82 to 5, and the Michigan legislators turned in relief to the question of "spearing red horse, suckers, and mullet in the Clinton and Belle Rivers." By April it looked as if Michigan were destined to be the only state in the Union with an official laureate all its own; for the Senate also passed the bill and returned it to the House—together with another "to permit the taking of speckled bass and crappies from certain waters of Muskegon County."

But at this interesting juncture, up in gubernatorial wrath rose the Honorable Alex J. Groesbeck, Governor of Michigan. He vetoed the bill on the ground that "no compensation seems to have been provided for the Poet Laureate in the event of his appointment, and I can scarcely conceive of one such, serving without a salary. At least this is my understanding of this monarchial [sic] job." Considering the fact that the official payment of the British poet laureate has for centuries been a generous measure of wine, this was indeed a difficulty. Besides, argued Governor Groesbeck: "Speaking more seriously, as the saying goes, such an office has no place in a Republican form of government and for this reason I withhold my approval."

That ended it. The worst had happened. Michigan did not get its poet laureate. It never got one. But Edgar A. Guest, I am very much afraid, though

*This word used by special permission of Mr. H. L. Mencken.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of August 2, 1950

In celebration of International Peace Day, July 15, 1950, a salvo of 101 guns was fired from each of eighteen super submarine 50,000-ton chemical U.S. cruisers launched during the past six months in accordance with the provisions of the eight-power armament reduction treaty of 1948.

The annual report of the Amalgamated Chickle Co. issued this week showed that 58 per cent of the profits of the past year's operations were produced by the Sidewalks and Hallways Chickle Reclaiming Department.

The U. S. Secretary of Health expressed his approval of the Watkins-Bamberger bill requiring every birth certificate to show that the father of the child has been proved by the Zangemeister test to be the father of the child.

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irst neither in war lyrics nor the rhymes of peace, is first in the hearts of his countrymen. Of if not first, at least a very good second to a paragraph writer for the newspapers, named Calvin Coolidge.

Justice; California Brand

(Continued from Page 533)

urn Mooney loose he would be smashed in all his future campaign races by a barrage of stump charges that he had truckled to the reds." In this atmosphere the Mooney-Billings case has dragged onward toward its final settlement.

Faced with the perils of having to make a decision which would either disappoint his pro-Mooney supporters or bring California's crusading Fascisti down about his head in a whirlwind attack on his pro-bolshevik tendencies, Young chose as his best "out" a strategy of delay. Mooney's pardon application was formally presented to him in August, 1928. At once press releases from the governor's office began expatiating on the "five foot pile of documents" which accompanied it; the routine trial and prisoners' examination records, the evidences of Oxman's falsehoods and of retractions of testimony, the briefs of Mooney's lawyers. The Governor desired to do justice, it was said, but these complicated matters would take time and leisure for profound study. Gradually the news was permitted to leak out that Young would not even begin his profounder studies until his summer vacation of 1929—eleven months after the pardon application was submitted.

When the 1929 summer vacation had come and gone, the Governor announced that most of the studying had been done, but that he was still a long way from a solution of the real Mooney mysteries. He needed to study some of the more complicated parts of the testimony all over again. He wished to examine witnesses. Finally, before he made up his mind, he must submit the whole five-foot record for further scrutiny and advice to his advisory pardon board. The pardon board, it was intimated, might be ready to make a recommendation by the first of the year, or perhaps in the spring.

Then in November Young, or possibly his political advisers, had a further inspiration. Before the case of Mooney could be settled by the Governor and his pardon board, it was suggested, Billings should file a pardon application with the State Supreme Court. Billings' and Mooney's cases were "parallel," Young now represented. As a "two time" felon, in view of his previous conviction for carrying dynamite, Billings was required by the California Constitution to get the indorsement of the supreme court majority on his pardon application before it could be considered by the Governor, and Young, as he put it, "welcomed" this means of getting the supreme court's advice on the "parallel" case of Mooney. Actually, it was an ideal means of further delaying a decision. It was even conceivable that the Supreme Court might make no report on the Billings case until after the August, 1930, primaries, in which by last November Young was already an all but avowed candidate for the Republican renomination.

More important still, it seemed a perfect method of passing the buck. Whatever recommendation the Supreme Court now gave in the Billings case, Young would now be free to follow it with respect to the Mooney pardon question, and have the stock reply to his critics—"I have only done what the state's highest judicial authority advises." Young had apparently set up an almost fool-proof device for escaping the responsibility of a Mooney decision, and had promoted a fair chance for himself of not having to exercise even his shadowy responsibility until too late for it to embarrass him in the August primaries.

This last possibility, however, was upset by the comparative speed of the Supreme Court. Gossiping political tongues in California have suggested that some of the justices who, though enjoying long tenure, have to trust themselves to election contests occasionally, were not entirely pleased at having the real burden of the Mooney-Billings decision handed to them without asking for it. In any case there was no reason for the court to delay a decision merely because it happened to be embarrassing to the Governor and happened to be ready at a peculiarly embarrassing turn in his political fortunes.

On July 2, with the primary seven weeks off and with two opponents pressing him so hard in a tight three-cornered race that the votes of the few thousand ardent Mooney supporters had come to seem invaluable to his campaign managers, Governor Young received the Supreme Court's opinion. Billings' guilt, the court declared, was "established." Six out of the seven justices opposed the grant of a pardon.

In reaching its conclusion, the court reasoned that Wade's, the Hawaii school teacher's, identification of Billings had never been impugned, that Estelle Smith's had not been satisfactorily attacked, and that, while MacDonald's, the ex-waiter's, trial testimony bore on its face the stamp "of sincerity and truth," his repudiation affidavit was manifestly "a tissue of falsehoods." Thinking that the evidence of a false conviction would be sufficient, Billings in his application had made no positive affirmation of innocence, and the court now used this against him, intimating that the mere fact that he had made none practically established the presumption of his guilt. Finally, the justices argued, the prior conviction of 1913 had established Billings as a dynamiter and associate of dynamiters, with a dynamiter's "prejudices and passions." Therefore, if he did not set off the Preparedness Day bomb himself, he must have known who did it, and since he did not present the court with evidence that others committed the crime, he must himself be one of the criminals.

For one trying week end, Governor Young sought to hold his following of Mooney pardon workers by vaguely insinuating in a press interview that a

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pardon for Mooney in spite of the Supreme Court's rejection of the Billings application was not quite beyond the bounds of possibility. But three days after the Billings report was made public, the full pardon board met and in less than twenty-four hours managed to accomplish what, without the Supreme Court's aid, Young had not been able to do in twenty-two months of "study."

Throwing out Oxman's and the Edeaus' testimony as "entirely discredited," the pardon board took the stand that if MacDonald's testimony was enough to satisfy the Supreme Court of Billings' guilt, it was enough to satisfy them of Mooney's. They, too, found MacDonald's repudiations unworthy of belief and, on the court's authority that the presumption of a prisoner's innocence ceased with his conviction, advised that Mooney should be refused a pardon.

Next morning Young issued what he called, between quotation marks, his "final decision." Mooney was denied his pardon but as far as possible the candidate Governor avoided affronting Mooney's supporters by using the stern phraseology of the Supreme Court referring to anybody's guilt for the Preparedness Day murders as established. One faint crumb of hope he held out: if MacDonald, the missing repudiation witness, could be found, Young and his pardon board would like to examine him and the Governor hoped that the Supreme Court would do likewise. Young, the conciliation specialist, had technically avoided giving the pro-Mooney voters an absolute turn down.

DRAMATICALLY, three days later, MacDonald turned up in Baltimore. Billings in May had objected to the Supreme Court's tentative program of attempting to find the famous repudiation witness and persuade him to come before them for examination. Billings' idea in this was that MacDonald was probably dead and that a world-wide search for him under Supreme Court auspices would merely serve to protract the pardon proceedings a few more months or years. As it turned out, the court, the pardon board and Young, all three, had cited this unwillingness of Billings to have MacDonald examined as further proof of his and Mooney's guilt and guilty conscience. But here was MacDonald in Baltimore, still repudiating his trial testimony, and willing to come to California and talk.

Ostensibly MacDonald's discovery should be the "break" that will bring the vexed Mooney-Billings question to a favorable conclusion. But the Mooney-Billings pardon workers have seen favorable "breaks" before and the latest symptoms are not unprecedentedly encouraging. Young and Chief Justice Waste, to be sure, have announced that if MacDonald will appear as a willing witness, he will be heard. Young has even agreed that the State will pay the ex-waiter's expenses to California. But the examinations, it was announced at the Governor's office when this generous decision was made, may take "a long time." Besides MacDonald, people must also be examined who can shed light on the validity of his repudiation—San Francisco police officials, that is, and ex-members of Fickert's district attorney's staff who surrounded MacDonald at the time he gave his trial testimony and on whose conduct his repudiation most directly reflects.

If they choose to contradict his repudiation testimony, the Supreme Court, the Governor and his pardon board will still be in a position to praise MacDonald's trial testimony as bearing the stamp of "truth and sincerity" and brand his repudiation as a "tissue of falsehoods." That the conservative California mind is being prepared for these explanations appears in a Los Angeles *Times* editorial statement on July 15 that MacDonald "may actually have committed perjury (at the trials) but his declaration that he did so, taken at its face value, is the strongest presumptive evidence that he did not."

The finding of MacDonald, in short, keeps the Mooney-Billings cases open for the present—almost certainly beyond Governor Young's danger spot of the August 26 primaries. But nothing in his appearance has changed the situation so as to make more difficult the accommodation of the Supreme Court's and the governor's next "final decision" to the exigencies of California politics. The slightest trace of the Fickert tactics in the effort to disprove MacDonald's repudiation will still make possible a final verdict acceptable to the hundreds of thousands of California voters whose apparently unalterable conclusion on the situation is about as follows:

"Sure, they're guilty. Why should I read the repudiations and perjury affidavits of a lot of bums who took money from the reds to go back on their testimony when I know it's all a pack of lies cooked up by sentimentalists?"

As a newspaperman I know where to get dozens of such interviews without half trying and within walking distance of almost any of California's banks and newspapers and swankier clubs. So, to the Mooney case's further involvement with practical politics, do most of California's politicians.

Prohibition; Born of War

(Continued from Page 526)

all kinds, and fixed the prices at which contracting parties must sell their products. To all of these measures, including even a censorship of the press, the American people gave whole-hearted obedience and support; and in order to confirm and strengthen these powers Congress passed a series of war emergency measures which in specific terms conferred upon the President practically unlimited authority. The Food Control Act of August 10, 1917, for example, contained the following provision:

Sec. 12:

That whenever the President shall find it necessary to secure an adequate supply of necessaries for the support of the Army or the maintenance of the Navy, or for any other public use connected with the common defense, he is authorized to requisition and take over, for use or operation by the Government, any factory, packing house, oil pipe line, mine, or other plant, or any part thereof, in or through which any necessaries are or may be manufactured, produced, prepared or mined, and to operate the same.

It is interesting in passing, to observe how, even at this time of national stress, the prohibitionist never lost sight of his own cause. In the Food Control Act, the purpose of which, as declared in the enacting clause, was "to secure an adequate supply and equitable distribution of foods, feeds and fuel; and to establish and maintain governmental control of such necessaries during the war," there was inserted this rather cute provision:

Sec. 15:

That from and after thirty days from the date of the approval of this Act no foods, fruits, food materials, or feeds shall be used in the production of distilled spirits for beverage purpose; nor shall there be imported into the United States any distilled spirits.

It will be observed that the language of Section 15 differs from that of the other sections in that while they conferred powers on the President to do certain things, Section 15 deprived the President of any discretion in the matter of distilled spirits for beverage purposes and absolutely forbids their production *or importation.*

Under presidential proclamation No. 1416 made on the 8th day of December, 1917, under the authority of the Food Control Act, it was ordered by the President "That on and after January 1, 1918, no malt liquor except ale and porter shall be produced in the United States containing more than 2.75 per cent of alcohol by weight." This procla-

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mation was issued just ten days before the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed by Congress. But the most remarkable circumstance of the campaign of the prohibitionists, under the cover of necessary war measures, is that on November 18, 1918, a few days after the armistice had been declared, Congress enacted *as a war measure* an Act providing in substance that *after June 30, 1919*, and until the conclusion of the War and the termination of demobilization, it should be unlawful to sell for beverage purposes any distilled spirits, beer, wine, or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquor, except for export. The purpose of this legislation, as declared in the Act, was to conserve the man power of the nation and "to increase efficiency in the production of arms, munitions, ships, food, and clothing for the Army and Navy."

Neat work and cunning; but the popular mind and the patriot's attention were on the War. Anderson and Wheeler were busy attacking behind the smoke screen.

Thus was the stage set for the acceptance of the Eighteenth Amendment, which its supporters now claim to be the solemn and deliberate act of the people, registering their will by constitutional mandate. The people were not solemn and deliberate about anything; they were in a state of extreme mental exhilaration bordering on mass-hysteria; and as for the Constitution, its numbered articles and sections, clear and strong in their legal import, had faded and merged into an inspiring vision of forty-eight stars in a field of blue defended by millions of boys bleeding and dying on the fields of France that the world might be made safe for democracy.

Thus it was, when "the world was suffering from shell shock," that the misshapen offspring to bear the name of a constitutional amendment was conceived. This is the thing we are begged to accept as a great forward step in government to bow before, under the penalty of being branded as nullificationists.

Expediency, local self interests or prejudice will no doubt hereafter prompt other attempts to subvert the principles of the Constitution to what may seem under the excitement of the hour to be of paramount importance to humanity; but if we are to remain a free republic, we must combat every effort, from whatever source, to use the Constitution for such ends.

In his farewell address, Washington uttered this warning:

Toward the preservation of your Government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite . . . that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system and thus undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.

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With Our Readers

Raiding the Public Bank

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Tulsa*

SIR—The philippic of "The Editors" against the new pension bill sponsored by the American Legion, enacted by the Congress and approved by the President after some backing and filling, which appeared in your issue of July 16th, was bold, able and inspiring. But the spirit to which it appealed and which inspired it, is all but dead.

Let the cold facts be faced. Might, not right, prevails in a republic as elsewhere. Once we may have thought differently, but experience has disillusioned us. The soldier organizations are capable of exerting a political influence that cannot be withstood. They will. Patriotic appeal is wasted effort.

Dates and names and the scene of action, not human nature, change. The Roman republic fell because privilege and exploitation imposed upon the masses the sheer necessity of raiding the public treasury in order that they might have even a moiety of the national patrimony. Mercenaryism was practiced by the citizenry at large only after it had made wealthy the governing class.

You call the pension bill "a grab, a gouge—nothing more . . . . The entire bill is a raid on the public bank." You commend President Hoover for making a gesture of disapproval, and condemn him for not going the full length.

But why demand that the men who bore the brunt of the day's hard labor evince a high sense of patriotism in which must be no thought of profit, instead of insisting that the mighty of the republic set such example?

A government that permits without the slightest token of disapprobation such practices as have marked Big Business since it took over the control of politics following the War, whereby billions of dollars of watered stocks have been placed upon the productive shoulders of the industrious, cannot justly complain when the ex-soldier uses the only weapon at his command.

Congress yielded easily to the "grabs" and "gouges" of the privileged interests in writing a tariff law that lays tribute upon the people. Why should the Congress not in return enact a grab and gouge in the interest of a few of the people?

The attitude of the average American citizen towards his government has undergone a radical—alarming—change in recent years. Anthony, lolling at the feet of Cleopatra in Alexander declaiming "Let Rome in Tiber melt," expresses it. Men no longer hesitate to get whatever they can out of government; fewer still are concerned in putting anything in.

THOMAS A. LATTA.

The Legion Protests

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Trenton*

SIR—My attention has just been called to your leading editorial in your issue of July 16, 1930, entitled, "Bowing to a New G.A.R." The whole purport of this article places the responsibility on the American Legion for the enactment of the recent amendment to the Federal Veterans Compensation Act, H. R. 13174.

This charge, the records show to be incorrect. Even the official statement by the President of the United States, issued at the time, makes this clear where he says, "The American Legion presented a bill designed for emergencies which has had the earnest support of many administration members, but their views have been overridden."

The facts are as stated in an official bulletin, issued by the writer throughout the State of New Jersey before the publication of your editorial, that, "The new bill was a government measure, pure and simple, which the Legion neither proposed, nor opposed. It did not propose it because it felt that the primary duty of the country was to care for the War disabilities first, before caring for those disabled since the War. It did not oppose it, because the bill covered these very War disability cases; and had it opposed it, no legislation whatever for their benefit would have resulted."

It is regrettable, therefore, that your magazine, without ascertaining the facts, charged such an organization as the American Legion with being a "plunderbund" and with effectuating "a grab, a gouge—nothing more."

In justice not merely to the Legion, but to your readers and your own reputation for accuracy in the public service, I trust that these facts are given equal publicity with the regrettable inaccuracies above.

RICHARD HARTSHORNE (Department Commander).

Editors' note—The editorial in question does not attribute responsibility for the pension bill solely to the American Legion. The editorial, furthermore, distinguishes between certain elements in the American Legion and the Legion as a whole. The actual statement reads, "The victory belongs, first to the grasping element in the American Legion. It belongs, secondly, to cheap politicians in Congress. . . . It belongs, thirdly, to Mr. Hoover. . . ."

A Generous Publisher

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *London*

SIR—The statement in your issue of June 25th, that I have been "a match for my publisher E. Haldeman-Julius" in regard to rates seems to be based on totally untrue statements. During the four and a half years I have written for E. Haldeman-Julius, I have written nearly four million words for him. I have never asked a rate of payment or the slightest alteration of the rate he offered. From the start he named a generous rate, it was never discussed between us; nor have I ever heard that he has dealt differently with others. In a long literary career I have never had so agreeable, so generous a publisher before.

JOSEPH MCCABE.

Defending Doctor Babbitt

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Cornwall, N. Y.*

SIR—I am taking advantage of your "With Our Readers" page to object to Mr. Salpeter's discussion of Irving Babbitt.

First of all, he robs his article of persuasive force and causes antagonism in the reader by his irrelevancy and lack of taste in describing so great a scholar as follows: "He disclosed himself in his visit to New York as a moral pedant whom the unaccustomed light of publicity rendered provincially gawky."

Moreover, Mr. Salpeter is inaccurate in labeling Goethe as a less familiar aversion of Professor Babbitt, whereas in "Masters of Modern French Criticism" the latter, in regard to Goethe, says "It is a singular piece of good fortune for the Germans that their chief modern writer is not merely a great imaginative and emotional, but also a great intellectual force."

Mr. Salpeter is also inaccurate in referring to Shakespeare as not quite persona grata to the professor, who yet seems able to speak of him as one of the great poets, and makes use of such terms as supreme originality, genius, and eminent personality in describing him. Then again, Mr. Salpeter gives a list of authors whom he calls without reservations aversions of Professor Babbitt, yet this gentleman has only denounced some of their ideas and frankly admits in the introduction to "Rousseau and Romanticism" that he is not attempting rounded judgments of men, but is tracing the development of ideas.

Professor Babbitt is far from being opposed to science and progress, as Mr. Salpeter would have us believe, and on the contrary is insistent upon the necessity for a complete and scientific positivism.

In closing, I should like to add that it is painfully evident that Mr. Salpeter is either unfamiliar with the works of Professor Babbitt or that he has misunderstood their meaning; and, that though the former accuses the latter of arrogance of mind, poverty of spirit, and limitation of sympathy, this seems to apply more to the accuser than to the object of the diatribe.

M. M. DE PICABIA.

Humanism: A Different View

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Chicago*

SIR—Thank you for Mr. Salpeter's article on Irving Babbitt. What is more absurd than that his pompous, sterile mutterings should be taken seriously in dynamic America? As a namesake, and as one of the increasing number of the immortal Wagner's worshippers, I wish to point out that America as a whole does not now look to the English, or their New England descendants for cultural inspiration, least of all (thank God) to the sour-bellied Puritanism, of which the professor is such an eminent exponent. "Humanism" is a philosophy of the eunuch, envious of those who enjoy.

RIKARD WAGNER.

Noises on the Air

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Elk City, Okla.*

SIR—Here's a wee bit of praise for M. Smertenko's remarks about radio's "Noises in the Air." Programs that slip through mid-continent static out here are nearly as bad as Oklahoma moonshine, with just about the same qualities of variability as that esteemed liquor. My antidote is the phonograph; it has no static nor does it blat boop-a-doop when I prefer a bit of symphony.

"With Our Readers" this week is excellent. It is a document in subtle support of my theory that the barbarians aren't all dead yet.

D. A. HOLM.

Vote Wet

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Ithaca, N. Y.*

SIR—As a member of the Woman's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, it gave me great satisfaction when at the beginning of the year you and your associate editors, setting forth your reasons in arguments as brilliant and convincing as any I have ever read on the mooted subject of the Eighteenth Amendment, came out for uncompromising repeal. Since you took that stand you have continued to back it with force and determination.

It seems to me that thoughtful, unprejudiced minds throughout the country have come to the conclusion after over a decade of demoralization, that the prohibition Amendment is fundamentally unenforceable because at variance not only with the appetites but the inherent liberties of our people. To persist in keeping in the Constitution a statute of such proved unwisdom is unworthy of the practical good sense and judgment of the American nation.

At present the Congress of the United States stubbornly, hopelessly reactionary, lags far behind the changed spirit of the times. In order to remedy the situation at Washington, and to obtain results in harmony with this changed spirit, we must, regardless of our political affiliations, only nominate and vote for men of pledged loyalty to our ideas who will conscientiously strive to forward them.

Forgetting that we are Republicans or Democrats, remembering only that we are Americans confronted by the paramount issue of our modern national life demanding a solution by our best minds, we must come together in a combined effort to repeal the ill-starred Eighteenth Amendment.

We heartily applaud you for the work you are doing with such patience and courage.

FLORENCE ELISE HYDE.

Amen Corner

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Keuka Park, N. Y.*

SIR—Shades of Lyman Abbott! And the Outlook has gone over to the ranks of the nullificationists. The reason the prohibition law is not enforced is because all the New York papers sought to discredit it. And you would wish all restrictions to the sale of liquor removed. If the federal government cannot enforce the law surely the state could not. The liquor trade was never amenable to law. What is the use of one section being dry and the adjoining section wet? They step over all boundaries. You can't regulate a mad dog. Kill him or he will kill you. If the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed then we have no restraining law. All must be done over again and in the meantime liquor like a flood sweeps over the land.

REV. Z. F. GRIFFIN.

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